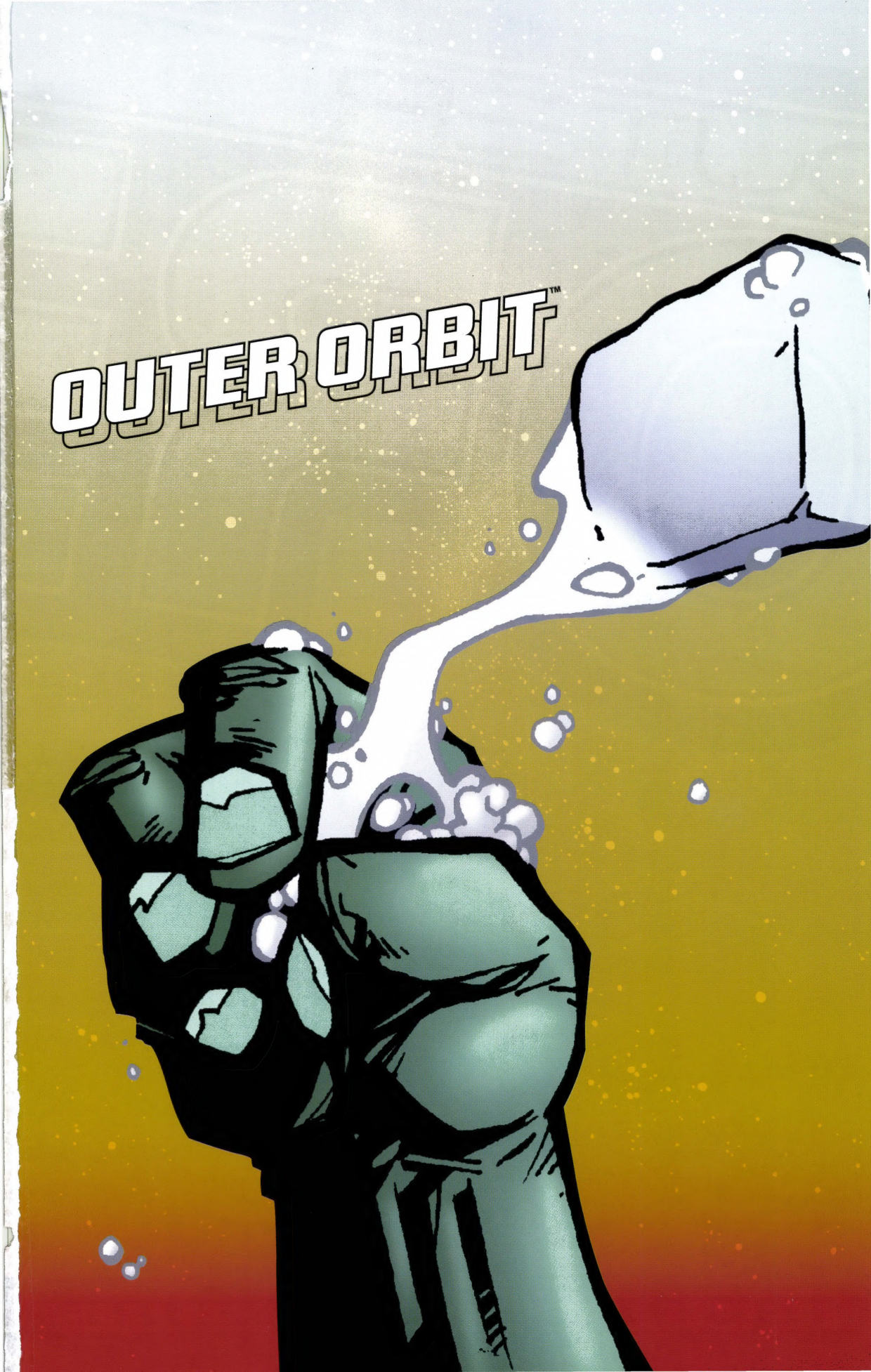
OUTER
ORBIT
ZACH HOWARD
SEAN MURPHY
REED BUCCHOLZ


OUTER ORBIT™

OUTER
ORE

BIL™

Zach Howard
story, Krunk scenes art, poker scenes pencils

Sean Murphy
story, Quinn scenes art, poker scenes inks

Reed Buccholz
story

Charlie Kirchoff
colors

Thompson Knox
lettering

Matchstik Creative® Design Studio
logo design

DARK HORSE BOOKS®

publisher
Mike Richardson

editor
Chris Warner

designer
Scott Cook

art director
Lia Ribacchi

Outer Orbit™ created by Zach Howard and Sean Murphy

Outer Orbit™
©2006, 2007 by Sean Murphy and Zach Howard. Krunk, Quinn, Neoki, and all other prominent characters and their distinctive likenesses are trademarks of Zach Howard and Sean Murphy. Dark Horse Books® and the Dark Horse logo are registered trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of the copyright holders. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication are either the product of the authors' imaginations or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental.

This volume collects issues one through four of the Dark Horse comic-book series *Outer Orbit*.

Dark Horse Books
A division of Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

darkhorse.com

To find a comics shop in your area, call the Comic Shop Locator Service toll-free at 1-888-266-4226

First edition: October 2007
ISBN-10: 1-59307-827-7
ISBN-13: 978-1-59307-827-0

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

I'M DYING HERE.
HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN WAITING?
TRAM
5
HANG ON...
NO CLUE!
COFFEE.
THAT'S A WICKED GOOD IDEA.
GET ME SOMETHING, TOO.
LIKE A HALF-CAF NON-FAT, NO FOAM CHOCOLATE ESPRESSO LATTE.
NO, WAIT.
SCRATCH THAT.
A NON-FAT SOY MOCHA FROZEN CARAMEL SLURPACCINO.
OR A VANILLA CREME HAZELNUT JAVA BLAST...
SSSSSSSSSK!

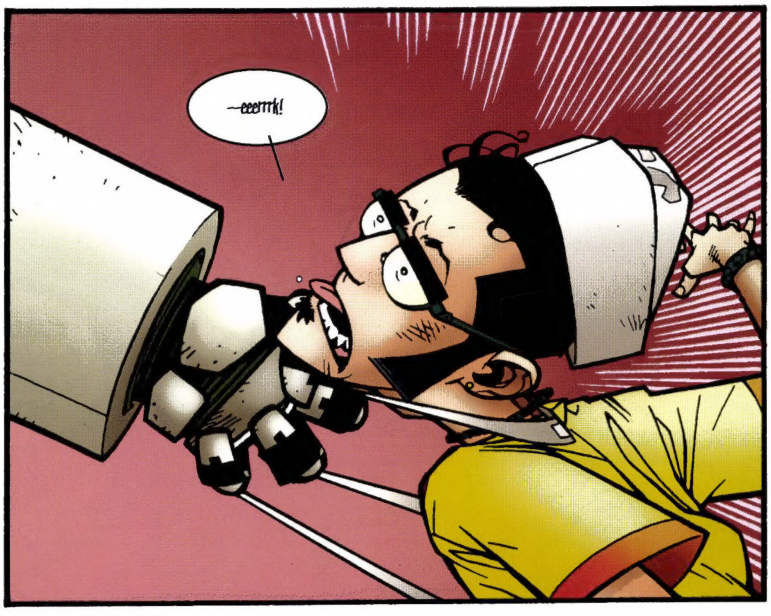
GOOD MORNING, SIR!
YEAH, GIMME TWO...
WHY'S THAT BREAD ALL SHINY LIKE THAT?
THAT'S OUR APPLE BARLEY MANGO LOAF, SIR. WOULD YOU CARE TO TRY SOME?
NO.
IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN LACQUERED OR SOMETHING.
THE DISPLAY LOAF IS COATED WITH A THIN LAYER OF NON-PERMEABLE FOOD VARNISH THAT PROTECTS IT AND SEALS ALL THE NUTRIENTS INSIDE.
IT SEALS THE NUTRIENTS INSIDE? FOR WHAT? WHO THE HELL EATS LACQUERED BREAD?
THIS IS THE DISPLAY LOAF, SIR.
DISPLAY...? JUST GIMME TWO LARGE COFFEES.
TO GO.
LARGE?
YEAH, LARGE.
OH, YOU MEAN A GIGANTE.
FINE, YEAH. TWO GIGANTEES.
AND WHAT FLAVOUR WILL YOU BE ENJOYING TODAY, SIR?

BLACK.

BLACK WHAT? BLACK FOREST?

BLACK COFFEE, YOU LIMP-WRISTED TWIT!

SIR, THAT'S NOT A REAL FLAVOUR.
IF YOU REFUSE TO PICK A FLAVOUR, I'LL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO GET MY MANAG--


--ccrrrk!

TWO.
LARGE.
BLACK.
COFFEES.
BEFORE I KILL YOUR ENTIRE SPECIES.
YES, SIR. ABSOLUTELY.

WOULD YOU LIKE CINNAMON SPRINKLES ON THAT?

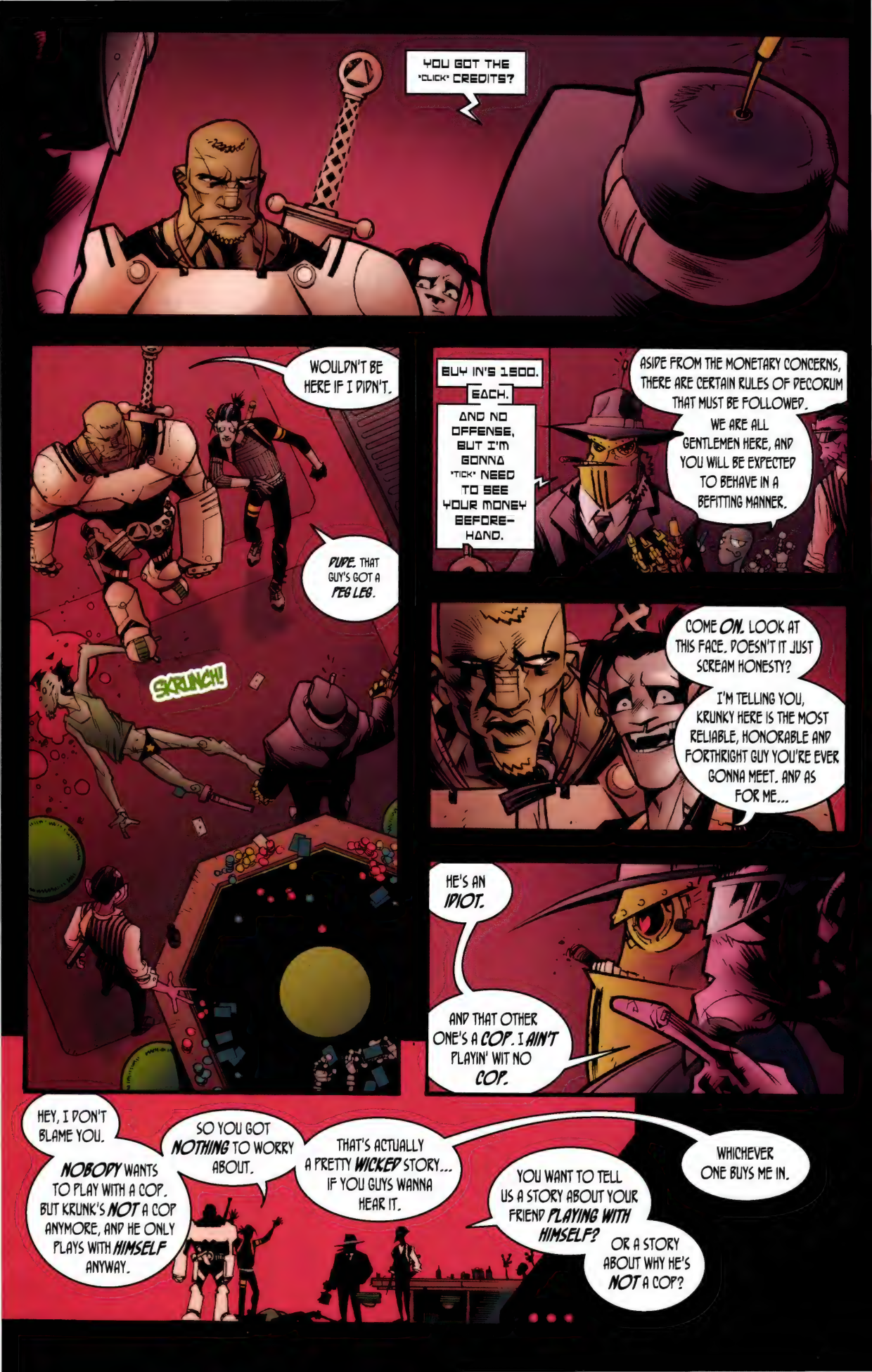
....!

AAAAIIIEEEEE!
MY FLESH! IT BURNS!
WHO WOULD KILL AN ART MAJOR WHO LIKES TO HANG OUT AT COFFEE SHOPS?
JEESH.
CAN'T TAKE HIM ANYWHERE.
HERE'S YOUR STINKIN' JOE.
NO, I WANTED A--
SHUT YOUR HOLE.
AND WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOUR PANTS?
IT'S A LONG STORY.
HOW COULD IT BE A LONG STORY? I'VE BEEN GONE FOR FIVE MINUTES.
JUST MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.
DRINK YOUR COFFEE.

BLACK BUTTE
BAR
NO SERVICE
CREEEK

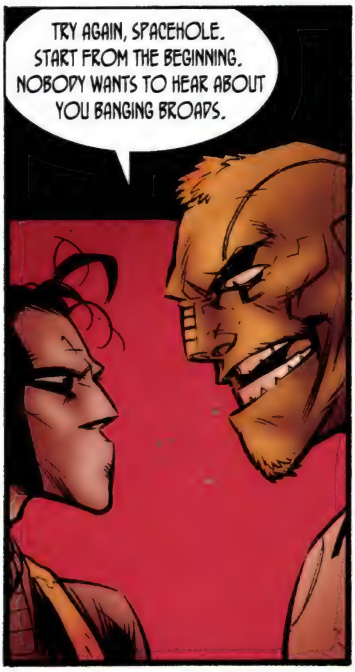
LET ME GO FIRST. YOU SCARE PEOPLE.
AND YOU SMELL BAD.
I SMELL HOW A MAN'S SUPPOSED TO SMELL.
SWAP!
STUPID DOOR IS BROKE.
TOP O' THE MORNING, EVERYBODY!
ANTIQUE SPACE SHOW
BLEEEARRRRRGH!

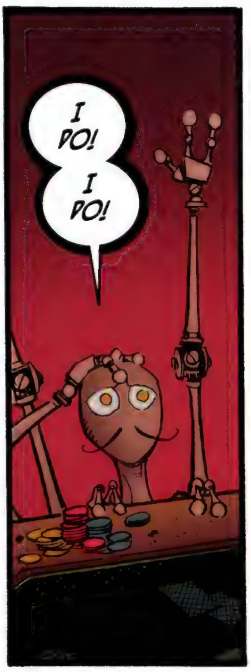
HEARD THERE'S A SERIOUS GAME GOES ON HERE.
AND WE ARE SERIOUS FELLOWS.
3-DOG'S TABLE.
IN THE BACK.
BUT THE BUY IN'S STEEP.
ROUGH CROWD.
LOTTERY
WE'LL BE FINE.
ANY "CLICK" LAST WORDS?
ULP. YEAH... I--
BLAM
YEAH?
WHAT DO YOU "WHIRR" WANT?
I'M GUESSING THAT GUY'S CHAIR IS FREE.
WE WANT IN.


YOU GOT THE "CLICK" CREDITS?
WOULDN'T BE HERE IF I DIDN'T.
DUDE. THAT GUY'S GOT A PEG LEG.
SKRUNCH!
BUY IN'S 1500. EACH.
AND NO OFFENSE, BUT I'M GONNA "TICK" NEED TO SEE YOUR MONEY BEFORE-HAND.
ASIDE FROM THE MONETARY CONCERNS, THERE ARE CERTAIN RULES OF DECORUM THAT MUST BE FOLLOWED.
WE ARE ALL GENTLEMEN HERE, AND YOU WILL BE EXPECTED TO BEHAVE IN A BEFITTING MANNER.
COME ON. LOOK AT THIS FACE. DOESN'T IT JUST SCREAM HONESTY?
I'M TELLING YOU, KRUNKY HERE IS THE MOST RELIABLE, HONORABLE AND FORTHRIGHT GUY YOU'RE EVER GONNA MEET. AND AS FOR ME...
HE'S AN IDIOT.
AND THAT OTHER ONE'S A COP. I AIN'T PLAYIN' WIT NO COP.
HEY, I DON'T BLAME YOU.
NOBODY WANTS TO PLAY WITH A COP. BUT KRUNK'S NOT A COP ANYMORE, AND HE ONLY PLAYS WITH HIMSELF ANYWAY.
SO YOU GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
THAT'S ACTUALLY A PRETTY WICKED STORY... IF YOU GUYS WANNA HEAR IT.
YOU WANT TO TELL US A STORY ABOUT YOUR FRIEND PLAYING WITH HIMSELF?
OR A STORY ABOUT WHY HE'S NOT A COP?
WHICHEVER ONE BUYS ME IN.

WHY NOT? CAN'T PLAY POKER WITH THREE PEOPLE ANYWAY, AND I'M ALWAYS "WHIRRR" INTERESTED IN A GOOD YARN.
AS LONG AS IT'S NOT OVERLY VIOLENT OR PORNO-GRAPHIC.
TELL YOU WHAT, BIG GUY. LET ME DO ALL THE TALKING HERE. I GOT A KNACK FOR SPINNING A TALE.
BE MY GUEST.
SIT AND SPIN.
JUST TELL A GOOD ONE, OR I SHOOT YOUR SIDEKICK IN THE FACE.
MY SIDEKICK? OH YEAH. HIM.
YOU NEVER KNOW, GETTING SHOT IN THE FACE MIGHT BE AN IMPROVEMENT.
HEH HEH.
ANYHOOT... MINE IS A TALE OF LUST, INTERGALACTIC BATTLES, SHEEP AND INTRIGUE. BUT LET ME ASSURE YOU, THIS, LIKE ANY STORY WORTH TELLING, IS ALL ABOUT A GIRL...

WAP!


TRY AGAIN, SPACEHOLE. START FROM THE BEGINNING. NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT YOU BANGING BROADS.

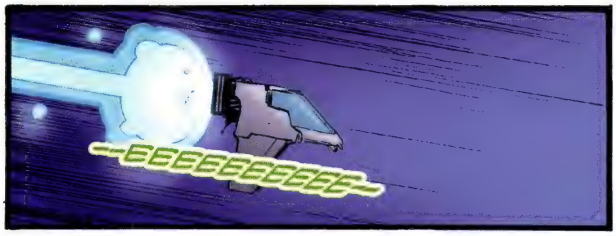

I DO!
I DO!

WHAT DOES YOUR MOTHER SAY ABOUT INTERRUPTING PEOPLE?

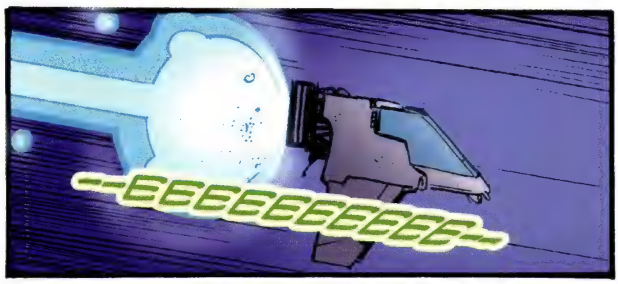
THAT'S RIGHT.

VWEEEEEEEEEEE!
EEEEEEEE
WEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
SUVS
GALAXY MOTEL

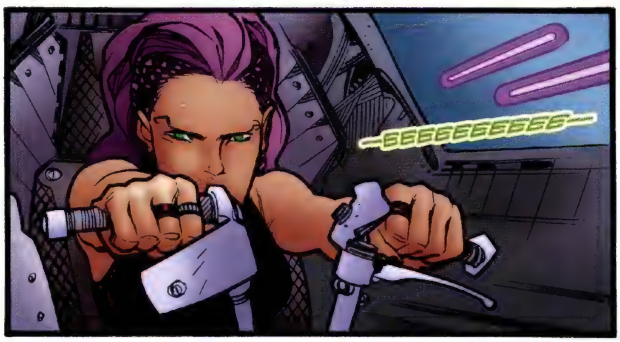
O'MURPHY'S
IRISH PUB
THE ONLY TRUE THERAPY


—EEEEEEEEEE—

—CHAKKA-CHAKKA-CHAKKA-CH—


—EEEEEEEEEE—

—CHAKKA-CHAKKA-CHAKKA-CH—


—EEEEEEEEEE—

—CHAKKA-CHAKKA-CHAKKA-CH—
EEEEEEEEEE

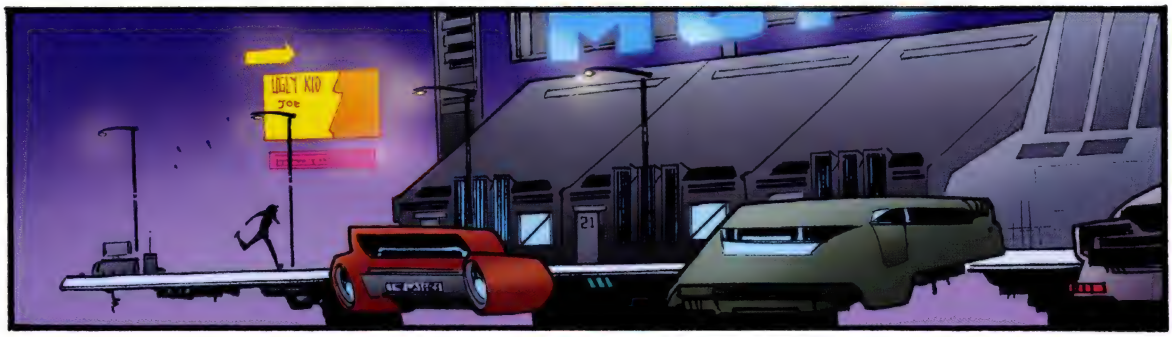
SNORT.
WHA?
ZZZZZZZ
-EEEE-CHUKKA-EEEE-CH-EEEE-
AH, SHIT.
-EEEE-CHUKKA-EEEE-CH-
TOONK!
GRRRRR.
POP!
-EEEEEEEEE-
POOM!

-CHUKU-CH-CH-
URK!
ORBITAL PIZZA
NOT THE PEPPERONI!
TARGET NEUTRALIZED.
GAMMA SQUAD RETRIEVING STATUS.
VEHICLE INOPERATIVE.
TARGET NOT VISIBLE.
MOTION DETECTED.
MOVEMENT SOURCE: DIGITAL TIMER.
POTENTIAL THREAT DE--

FOOM!

MOTE

MOTE


UGLY KID
JOE

BLAM!
SPOK

SHOOSH!

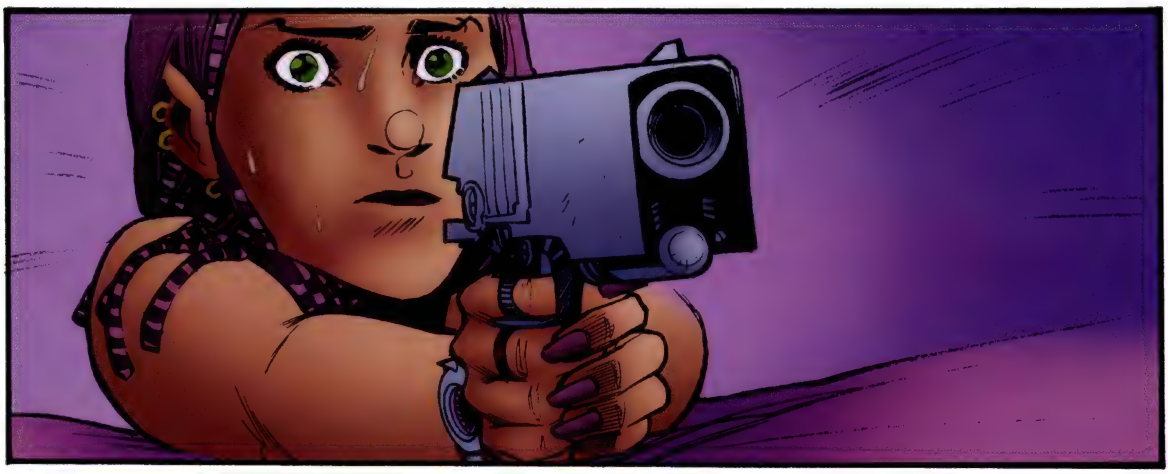
CLICK

OKAY. LOOKING FOR NUMBER... ?

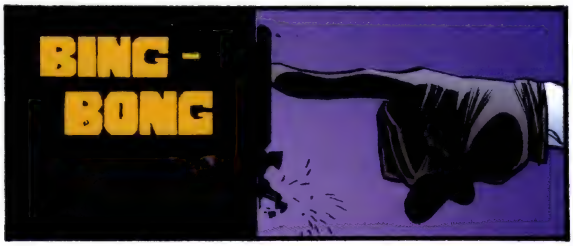
RIGHT.

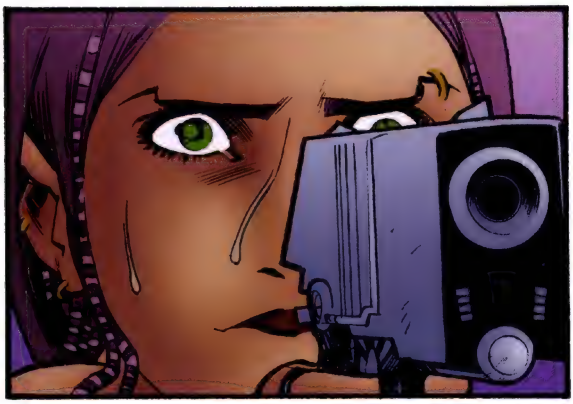
ANYBODY HERE ORDER A GREASE-LOVER'S SPECIAL WITH GORREILLIAN GOAT CHEESE?!
ANYBODY?
SPACE NEWS

21.
21
22

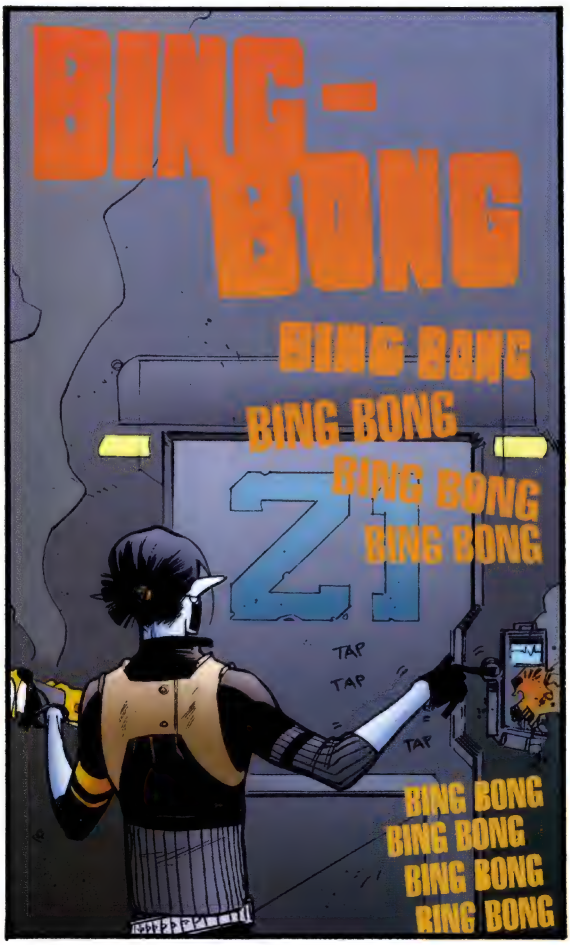


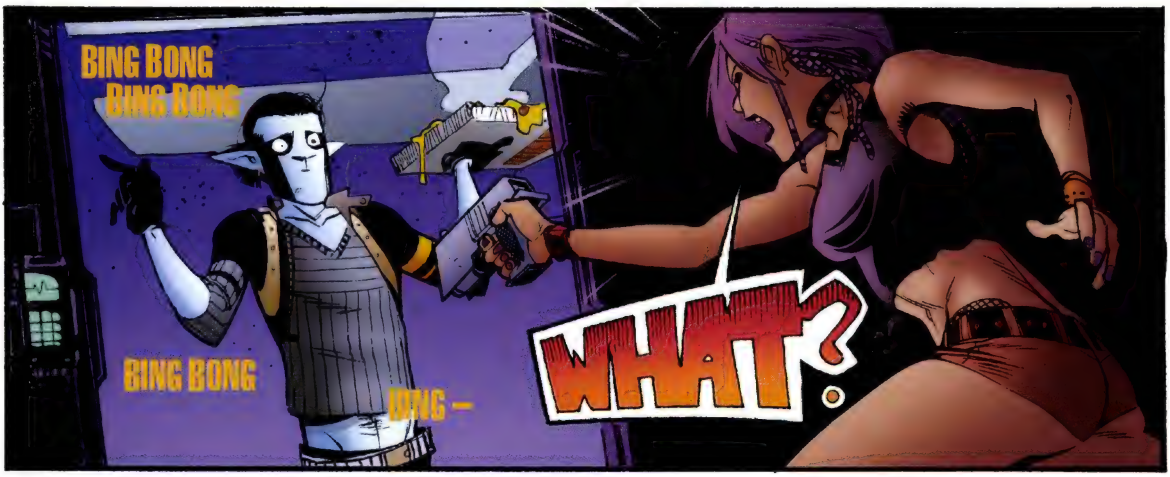
ORBITAL PIZZA
HMMM...


BING - BONG



UH... HELLO?


BING - BONG
BING BONG
BING BONG
BING BONG
BING BONG
TAP
TAP
TAP
BING BONG
BING BONG
BING BONG
BING BONG


BING BONG
BING BONG
BING BONG
DING –
WHAT?

I THINK YOUR DOORBELL'S BUSTED.

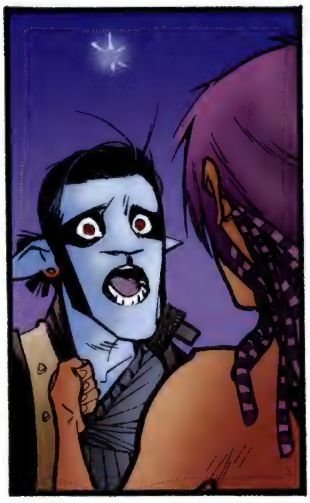
I, UH, DELIVER...
THAT YOUR SHIP?
YEAH. SURE IS. THE FRENCH GOOSE. SHE'S A BEAUTY, ISN'T SHE?

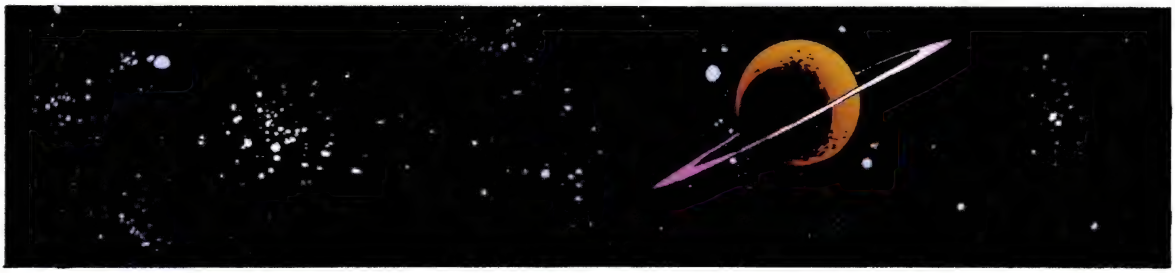
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

YOU ALONE?
ALONE? WELL, YEAH, KINDA.
BUT PEOPLE KNOW I'M HERE. LIKE MY BOSS AND...
UM, OTHER PEOPLE. SO, IF I WERE TO DISAPPEAR SUDDENLY—

HEY, HOW ABOUT A FREE PIZZA WITH GORREILLIAN GOAT CHEESE?
C'MERE, SAILOR...

...I GOT A BETTER IDEA.

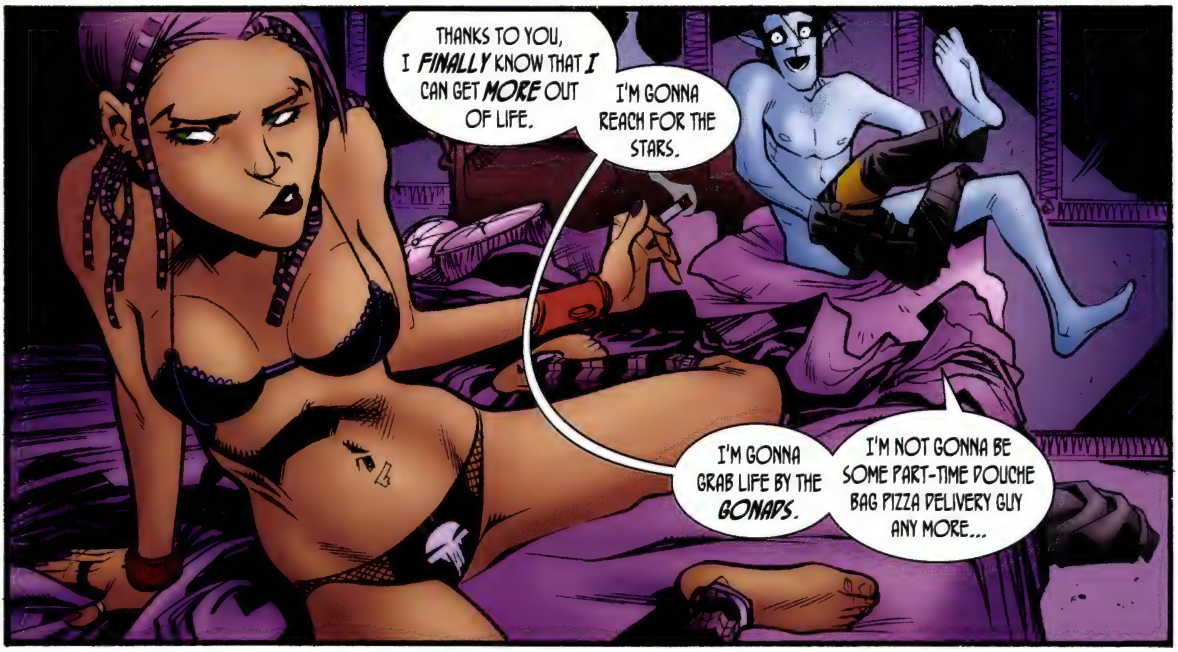




FLICK.

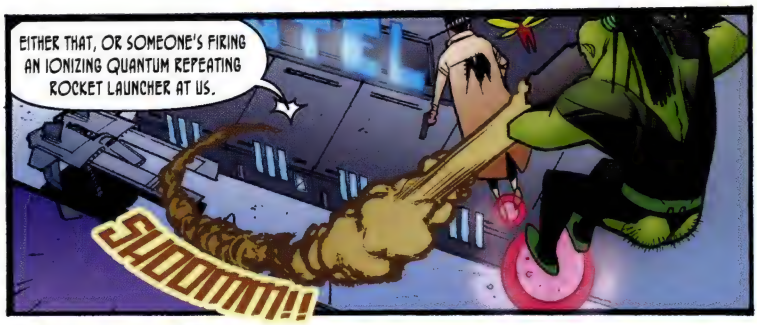
THAT WAS WICKED!
I WISH EVERY DELIVERY WAS LIKE THIS. I DON'T USUALLY EVEN GET A TIP.

I NEVER KNEW WHAT I WANTED TO DO WITH MY LIFE, OTHER THAN PAY OFF THE FRENCH GOOSE.
BUT NOW THAT WE'RE TOGETHER, THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT.

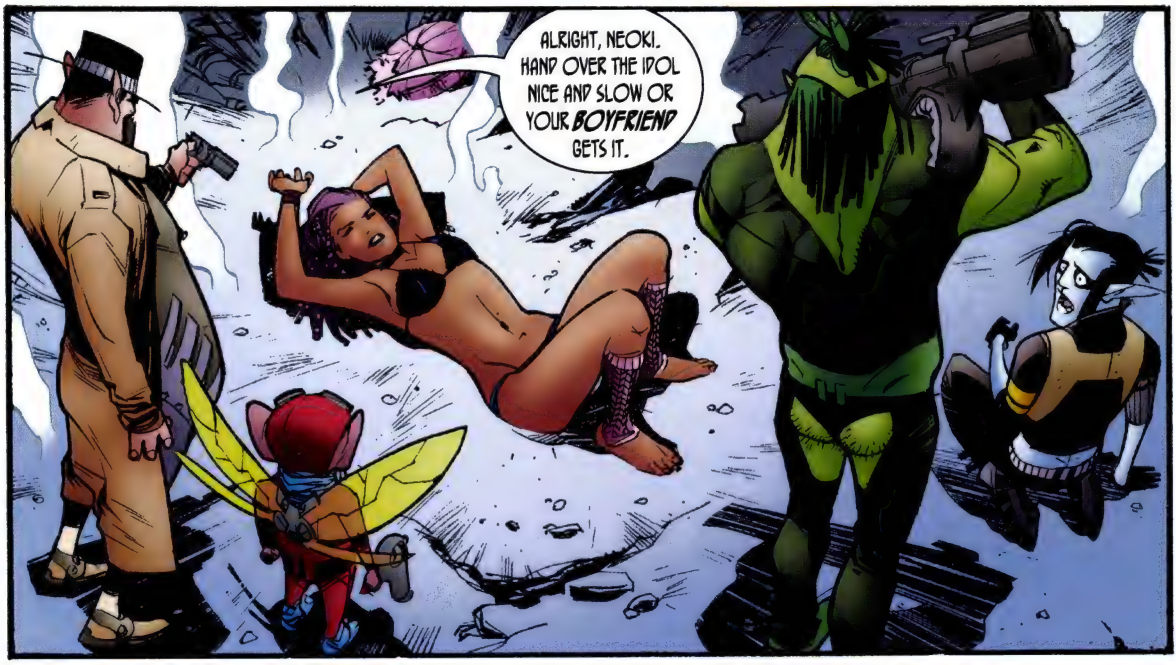

THANKS TO YOU, I FINALLY KNOW THAT I CAN GET MORE OUT OF LIFE.
I'M GONNA REACH FOR THE STARS.
I'M GONNA GRAB LIFE BY THE BONADS.
I'M NOT GONNA BE SOME PART-TIME DOUCHE BAG PIZZA DELIVERY GUY ANY MORE...

I'M GONNA GO FULL-TIME!
AND THEN, AFTER A WHILE, I'M GONNA OPEN MY OWN PIZZA PLACE. AND I'M GONNA CALL IT QUINN'S WICKED PIZZA!
AND I'LL PUT A BRICK OVEN IN THE SHIP, SO I CAN COOK THE PIZZAS WHILE I'M ON THE WAY TO THE DELIVERY.
OR I COULD EVEN BRING THE INGREDIENTS TO PEOPLE'S HOUSES AND COOK IT THERE. THAT WAY I COULD EAT IT WITH THEM!
FRESH AND HOT!

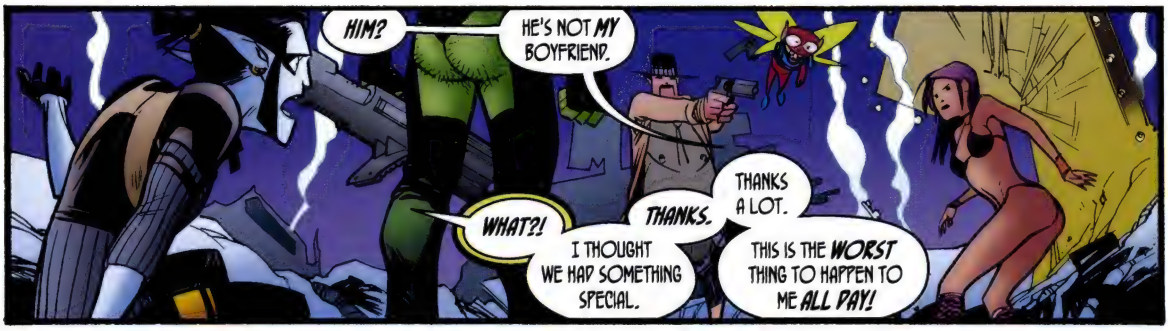
JUST LIKE ME. HEH HEH.
HEY, PEACHES, DO YOU HEAR THAT? IT'S A FUNNY, WHINING SOUND. LIKE SOMEONE LETTING THE AIR OUT OF A TIRE.


EITHER THAT, OR SOMEONE'S FIRING AN IONIZING QUANTUM REPEATING ROCKET LAUNCHER AT US.
SHOOOOOM!!!

WHI-BUDOOOM!

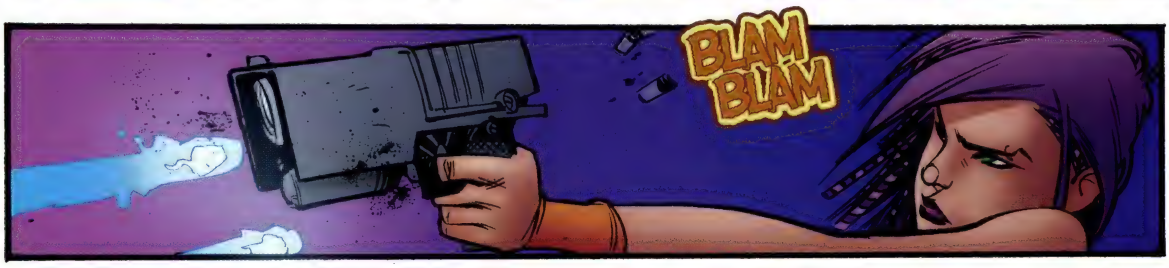

ALRIGHT, NEOKI. HAND OVER THE IDOL NICE AND SLOW OR YOUR BOYFRIEND GETS IT.

IDOL?
WHAT IDOL?
I WAS GETTING TO THAT.
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU?
YOU'VE BEEN AWFUL "WHIRRRR" QUIET.
WHAT WERE YOU "CLICK" DOING ALL THIS TIME?
IT SAYS INSERT A356 INTO C93 AND TIGHTEN WITH SIX EF7 CLASPS.
THANKS, MA.
ADVANCED WEAPONS TRAINING.
YEAH, RIGHT. ANYWAY...


HIM?
HE'S NOT MY BOYFRIEND.
WHAT?!
THANKS.
THANKS A LOT.
I THOUGHT WE HAD SOMETHING SPECIAL.
THIS IS THE WORST THING TO HAPPEN TO ME ALL DAY!

HEY, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY MADE THESE OUT OF SPANDEX!
THAT'S WICKED!
WHAT A FANTASTIC TIME TO BE ALIVE!

NOBODY TOUCHES THE THONG!
LEAVE 'IM BE, HEXX.
WE GOTS MORE IMPORTANT THANGS TO--


BLAM BLAM

...NRRRF...
Kerr-Splutch!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
SHOOM!

BLAM BLAM
SHKRNNN!
VNEEP!

?

HAND OVER THE... IDOL?

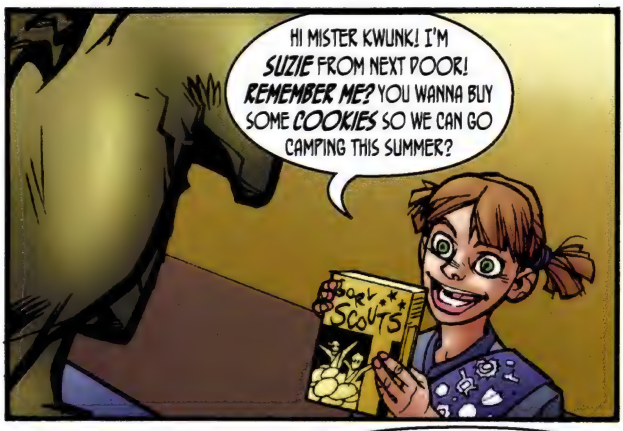
THERE IT IS!
KILL THE BLUE ONE!
KILL!
MURDER!
MAIM!

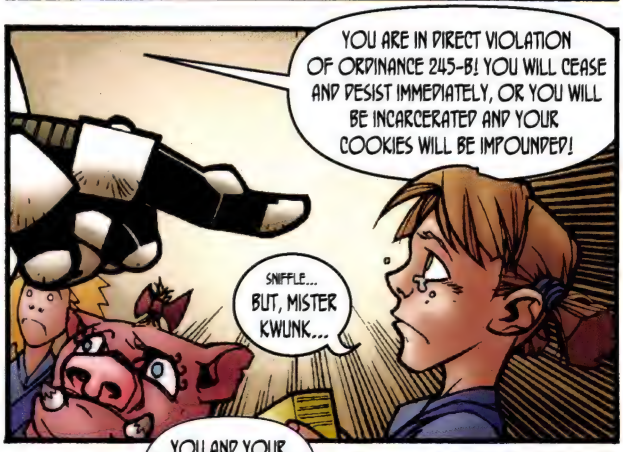
THUS, WHILST THE BOUNTY HUNTERS WERE OTHERWISE ENGAGED, I CHOSE TO MAKE A STEALTHY ESCAPE.
NYAAAAAAH! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

PANT PANT...
-WHEEEEZE-
SSSSLLLLURR

...
SLURP! SLURP! SLURP!
IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE TELLING A STORY OR ANYTHING.
SLURP! ...SO, I KNEW NEOKI DIDN'T REALLY MEAN WHAT SHE SAID. I KNEW SHE WAS JUST TRYING TO PROTECT ME FROM THE BOUNTY HUNTERS.
WE WERE IN LOVE. AN IMPLODING PIN-WHEEL NEBULA WAS NOT AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE CONNECTION WE SHARED. I KNEW WE WOULD FIND EACH OTHER AGAIN.
BUT FIRST I HAD TO PAWN THAT IDOL-THINGIE I STOLE FROM HER.
COOKIES!
I WAS ON MY WAY TOWARD THE BLACK MARKET DISTRICT WHEN MY BUDDY KRUNK HERE STOPPED ME FOR NO REASON.
OKAY, I'VE HEARD ABOUT AS MUCH OF THIS GARBAGE AS I CAN TAKE. THAT IS NOT HOW IT WENT DOWN. NEOKI DOES NOT LOVE YOU.
YOU DID NOT MAKE A STEALTHY ESCAPE AND I AM NOT YOUR BUDDY.
I WAS PERFORMING MY SWORN DUTY AS A GALACTIC POLICE OFFICER WHEN THIS BLUE-SKINNED BUTTPLUG NEARLY KILLED ME.
SLURP!

ORDINANCE 245-B SPECIFICALLY PROHIBITS UNAUTHORIZED COMMERCE ON THE DOCKING BAYS. WHILE ON PATROL, I WITNESSED A GROUP OF SUSPECTS ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN FLAGRANT AND WILLFUL DISOBEDIENCE OF THE LAW.
Cookie
GIRL SCOUTS


HI MISTER KWUNK! I'M SUZIE FROM NEXT DOOR! REMEMBER ME? YOU WANNA BUY SOME COOKIES SO WE CAN GO CAMPING THIS SUMMER?
GIRL SCOUTS


YOU ARE IN DIRECT VIOLATION OF ORDINANCE 245-B! YOU WILL CEASE AND DESIST IMMEDIATELY, OR YOU WILL BE INCARCERATED AND YOUR COOKIES WILL BE IMPOUNDED!
SNIFFLE... BUT, MISTER KWUNK...

YOU AND YOUR ACCOMPLICES HAVE TEN SECONDS TO DISPERSE.
YOU WILL LEAVE THE CONTRABAND BEHIND AS EVIDENCE.

HWOOOOSH!
EEEEEEEE!
OINK! OINK! SQUEEE--!
BUMP!

DRIVER!
YOU ARE IN VIOLATION OF STATION ORDINANCE FR13-D. IT IS AGAINST THE LAW TO INCINERATE CHILDREN WITHOUT THE PROPER PERMITS.
YOU WILL TURN OFF YOUR ENGINE AND EXIT YOUR VEHICLE WITH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD!
UH...
FOOM!
DON'T MOVE!
INTERLACE YOUR FINGERS AND PLACE THEM ON YOUR HEAD!
SPREAD YOUR LEGS!
GET ON YOUR KNEES!
LICENSE AND REGISTRATION!
ER... COULD YOU REPEAT THAT AGAIN?
YOUR SHIP HAS BEEN IMPOUNDED. IT IS GOING TO STAY PARKED HERE WHILE A SCANNING CREW SEARCHES IT THOROUGHLY FOR EVIDENCE. IN THE MEANTIME, YOU WILL REMAIN IN THIS SPACEPORT UNTIL OUR PENDING CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION IS COMPLETE.
YOINK

YOU REALLY *SUCK* AT THIS. THERE'S AN *ART* TO TELLING A STORY, YOU KNOW. THERE ARE *RULES* AND *STRUCTURE* AND *CHARACTER ARCS*.

YOUR STORY HAS *NONE* OF THOSE THINGS. *AND* IT'S *BORING*. YOU'RE *BORING* EVERYONE AT THE TABLE.

YOU WERE TELLING IT *WRONG*.

IT'S CALLED *EMBELLISHMENT*. IT'S CALLED *ARTISTIC LICENSE*. LISTEN AND LEARN, KRUNK.

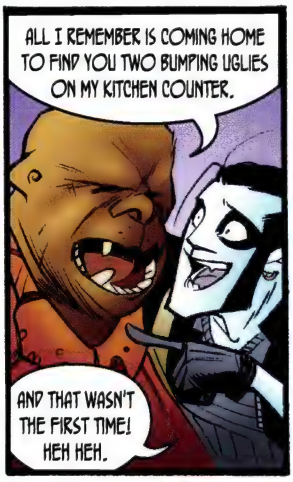
LISTEN AND LEARN...

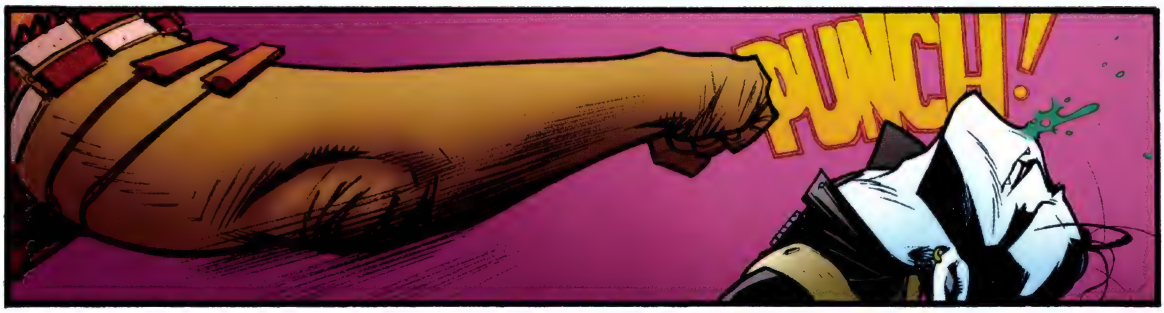
SO I KNEW I NEEDED TO GET THE FRENCH GOOSE OUT OF THERE BEFORE THE COPS SEARCHED IT. IF THEY SEARCHED IT, THEY'D SEARCH ME BEFORE THEY LET ME GET BACK ON IT. IF THEY SEARCHED ME, THEY'D FIND THE IDOL.

AND THAT IDOL WAS THE ONLY THING I HAD TO REMEMBER NEOKI BY. I COULDN'T JUST LET THEM TAKE IT. PLUS, I KNEW I COULD PROBABLY SELL IT FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE GRAND, AND I NEEDED TO PAY THE FRENCH GOOSE OFF BEFORE IT GOT REPOSSESSED.

I HAD A GOOD FRIEND I HADN'T SEEN IN A WHILE WHO SPENT A LOT OF TIME ON THAT STATION. HE HAD CONNECTIONS AND HE OWED ME A FAVOR.

IT WAS TIME FOR HIM TO PAY UP.

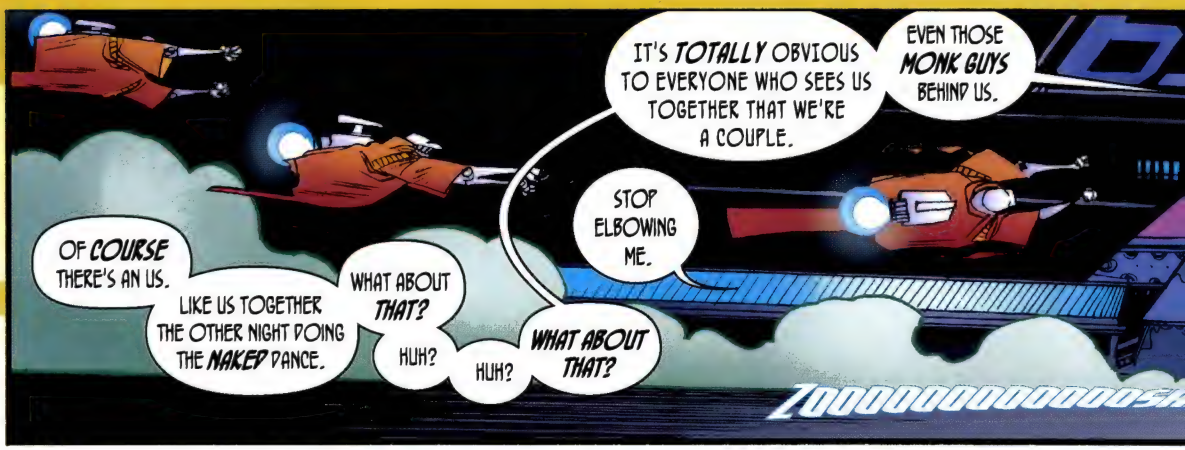




UNFORTUNATELY, HE POLITELY DECLINED. WITH NOWHERE LEFT TO TURN, I KNEW I WAS PROBABLY GOING TO LOSE THE GIRL, THE IDOL, THE FRENCH GOOSE AND EVERYTHING. THAT'S WHEN I HIT ROCK BOTTOM.
KICK!
BUT THINGS WERE ABOUT TO GET A LOT WORSE.
VWEEP!
VWEEP!
VWEEP!
YIEEEEEEEEEE!
B-KOW!
B-KOW!
B-KOW!
EPSILON SQUAD LOCKED ON TARGET.
MISSILES DEPLOYED.
F-SHOOSH!
F-SHOOSH!
BOOM

SWING!
FOOM!
SUCKS TO BE YOU.

INN
HONEST ABE'S PENITENTIARY
SO... IS THIS A BAD TIME TO TALK ABOUT US?
VNEEP!
VNEEP!
VNEEP!
CAUTION
B-KOW!
B-KOW!
THERE IS NO US. AND YES, THIS IS A BAD TIME.
POLLUTERS
PICARD VS SPLARS
THE ULTIMATE SHOWDOWN



KIDS AT SCHOOL USED TO TEASE ME FOR SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME AT THE ARCADE!

BUT THEY STOPPED WHEN I GOT TO LEVEL 1,000,000,007 ON SPACE DUCK HUNT!

OF COURSE, IT TOOK MANY YEARS, AND WHEN I TOLD THEM I GOT THERE THEY SAID THEY DIDN'T CARE BECAUSE THEY WERE TOO BUSY MAKING MONEY WITH RESPECTABLE CAREERS.

BUT I COULD TELL THEY WERE JUST JEALOUS!

I EVEN FOUND A WAY TO SHOOT THE DOG AT THE END--

BRAKKA-BRAKA-BRAK!

THOSE ARE SEEKERS.
AND THE ONLY REASON I SAVED YOU--
SAVED ME?
I DON'T NEED SAVING.
DON'T TOUCH THAT.
HEY, LOOKS LIKE YOU MADE SOME ILLEGAL MODIFICATIONS TO THIS!
WICKED!
PUT THAT BACK.
YOU'RE GONNA HURT YOURSELF.
YIPE.
SLIP!
WHAM

BRAKKA-BRAK!
WHUFF!
YIIIEEEEEE
EEEEEEE--
BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAK!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE--
BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAKKA!
BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAKKA!
?
BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAKKA!
SCRATCH SCRATCH
BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAKKA-BRAKKA!

HEH.
CLICK!
THAT'S TWICE I'VE SAVED YOUR BLUE ASS.
I DON'T GET IT.
WHY ARE THEY TRYING TO KILL ME?
I USUALLY GET ALONG WITH MOST PEOPLE. I'M A VERY AMIABLE--
WELL, LET'S JUST GIVE IT BACK.
THEY WANT THE IDOL.
AND BLOW MY DEAL ON LAZARUS-10?
GUESS AGAIN, BLUEBALLS.
I STOLE THAT THING FAIR AND SQUARE, AND I'M GONNA GET PAID.

YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT THIS "WHIRRRRR" IDOL.
IT MIGHT HELP "WHIRRRRR" US ALL TO ENJOY THE STORY IF "CLICK" YOU'D BE MORE SPECIFIC.
YOU KNOW, "CLICK" LIKE TELL US WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.

I DON'T KNOW.
IT'S AN IDOL.
KINDA LOOKS LIKE--

--THIS!

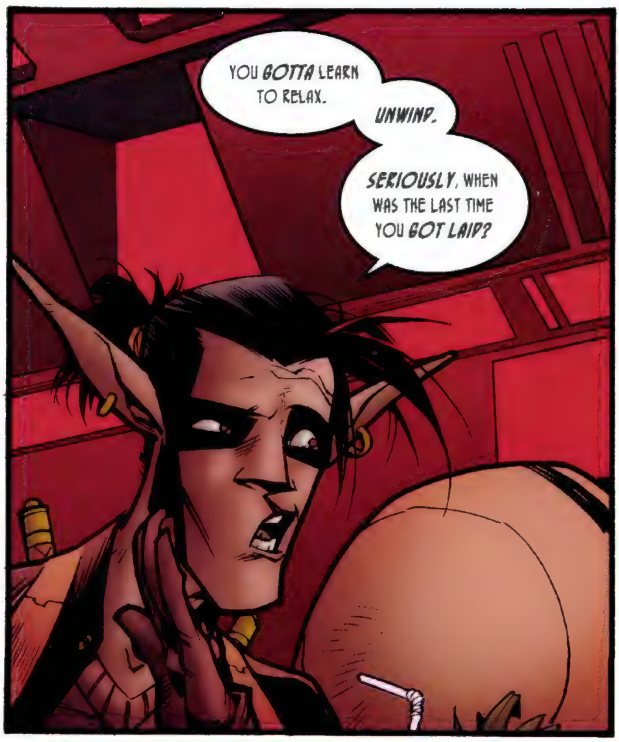
KICK!

OW.
WHY ARE YOU KICKING ME UNDER THE TABLE?
THAT'S JUST RUDE.

UM. SORRY. NERVE DAMAGE... I, UH, TWITCH.

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT 3-DOG AND HIS PALS MIGHT BE TAKING A LITTLE *TOO* KEEN AN INTEREST IN YOUR STORY?
LIKE *ESPECIALLY* THE PARTS THAT CONCERN THE IDOL?
NO. BUT THAT ONE LITTLE ROBOT GUY SURE LIKES THE SEX PARTS!

LISTEN, STUPID, I WOULDN'T GO INTO ANY SPECIFIC DETAILS ABOUT THE IDOL UNTIL WE'RE SAFELY OUTTA HERE.
I DON'T TRUST THESE GUYS.


YOU *GOTTA* LEARN TO RELAX.
UNWIND.
SERIOUSLY, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU *GOT LAID?*

I DON'T SEE HOW THAT'S *EVEN* RELEVANT.
I THOUGHT SO.

WHAT ARE YOU TWO *TIC* WHISPERING ABOUT OVER THERE?
I HOPE I *VRR* DON'T NEED TO REMIND YOU THAT *CLICK* THE ONLY REASON YOU TWO AREN'T BOTH A STEAMING PILE OF *WRRR* CARBON-FRIED GUTS IS BECAUSE YOU PROMISED US A GOOD STORY.
WITH SEX!
AH, YES. WELL, IF I AM TO CONTINUE WITH MY TALE, I WILL NEED A MORE RESPECTFUL AUDIENCE.
YOU MUST LET THE NARRATIVE UNFOLD IN ITS OWN WAY, AND YOU MUSTN'T KEEP TRYING TO JUMP TO THE END.
DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO RESTRAIN YOURSELVES AND HOLD ALL QUESTIONS UNTIL THE END?
HAW! YOU'VE GOT SOME SACK, KID!
I *WIRRRRR* LIKE THAT.
NOW, FINISH *TOC* THE DAMN STORY.

THE GUN'S NOT FIRING!
I THINK IT GOT WET OR SOMETHING.
IT ISN'T WET, YOU IDIOT!
YOU WASTED ALL THE AMMO DURING YOUR FREE FALL!
WASTED?!
I THINK I'M WORTH IT!
WHAT'S ONE CLIP OF AMMO COMPARED TO A LIFETIME OF TOGETHERNESS?
LIFETIME OF TOGETHERNESS! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A BAND NAME!
TWO TICKETS FOR LIFETIME OF TOGETHERNESS, PLEASE!
GET ANOTHER WEAPON FROM THE COMPARTMENT BEHIND YOU!
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?
OH MAN!
LOOK AT ALL THIS COOL STUFF!
IS THIS A LONG-BARREL, ARCTIC SUPER SCOPE 6?
WOW!
THAT COMPARTMENT IS WAY DEEPER THAN IT LOOKS!
SEE, I KNEW YOU CARED!
YOU'RE NOT FIRING THAT ONE.
PUT IT AWAY BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, AIM IT INTO YOUR MOUTH AND PULL THE TRIGGER.
IT SHOOTS CANDY.
AND WHAT ARE THESE?
CAREFUL!
THOSE ARE B-17 OMNI-DIRECTIONAL BREACHING BOMBS!
YOU CAN USE THEM AS PROXIMITY, TIME BOMBS OR GRENADES!
JUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO PUSH THE BU--
DE-DEEP!
YOU JUST PUSHED THE BUTTON, DIDN'T YOU?
AND I ALSO JUST DROPPED IT INTO THE ENGINE BLOCK.

BA-DOOM!
BIG BERTHAS
DANCE CLASSES FOR THE GENEROUSLY HIPPED
SNAG!
I GOT YOU!
THE SEEKERS ARE COMING IN FAST.
I'VE ONLY GOT THREE SHOTS WITH THIS, SO HOLD ME STILL.
ERR...

FLOP!
AW, CRAP! THIS CAN'T BE GOOD!
SQUEEEEEEEEE
One and two and three and stretch...
I SEEM TO END UP IN MY UNDER-PANTS AN AWFUL LOT.
BOOM!
BOOM!
KOOM!
JEEZ, YOU ONLY HIT ONE.
MAYBE YOU NEED MORE PRACTICE.
SHUT UP AND HOLD STILL.
Tok!
GYAAAH!

AHH!
BOOM!
WOW!
I DIDN'T KNOW THERE'S A BUS STOP THERE!
WHAT AN EXCITING TIME TO BE ALIVE!
WHOOOOOSH!
CLANG!
WICKED!
THE NEW SUBTERRANEAN DANCING SHARK EXHIBIT!
NICE UNDER-PANTS, SHORT-STROKE.
THANKS!
THEY'RE REALLY TIGHT.

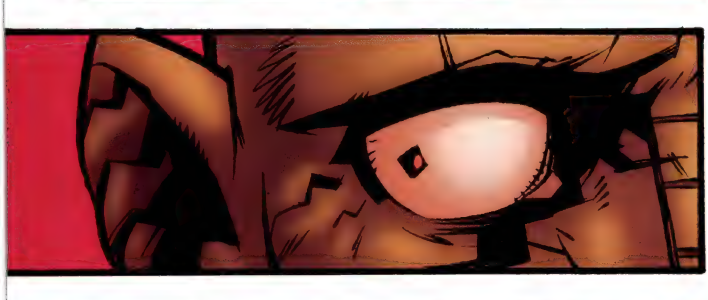
I'M CALLING YOUR BLUFF, CLOWN.
WHAT'RE YOU "KLAK" TALKING ABOUT? NOBODY'S "TOC" BLUFFING.
NOT IN THE GAME, 3-POG. I'M TALKING ABOUT THIS GUY 'N ALL HIS TALK ABOUT THIS RAGING HOT NOOKIE--
HER NAME'S NEOKI.
NOT NOOKIE.
YOU NEED TO LISTEN BETTER.
HOW HE'S BEEN RUNNING AROUND PLAYING SINK THE ONE-EYED PIPEFISH WITH SOME HOT BROAD.
JUST LOOK AT HIM.
YOU THINK HE COULD PULL THAT KIND OF TRIM?
THAT'S RIGHT.
I GOT WICKED JUNUSAY KWAH.
AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, YOU CAN ASK KRUNK.
HE CAN'T LIE.
I DON'T "TICK" KNOW. HE'S GOT A CERTAIN "WHIRRRR" SOMETHING.
A JE NE SAIS QUOI.

WHAT'S HE MEAN, YOU CAN'T LIE?

I WAS BORN WITHOUT THE DECEIT GENE.
I AM PHYSICALLY INCAPABLE OF TELLING A LIE.

REALLY.
YEAH. MY MOM PAID EXTRA.

WELL THEN. YOU HOLDING ANYTHING GOOD?



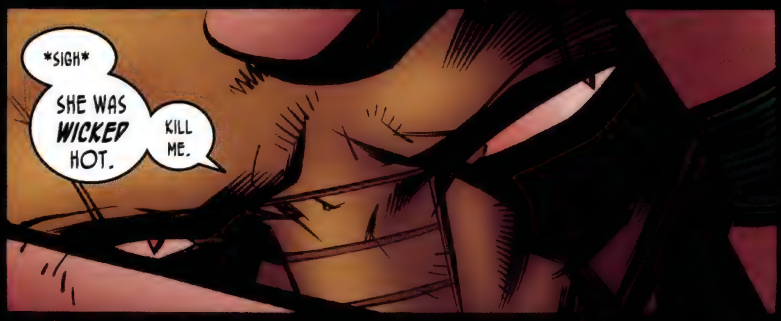
...NO.

FOLD!

COME ON.
TELL 'EM, KRUNKY.
TELL 'EM HOW HOT NEOKI IS.
TELL 'EM.

YEAH, SHE WAS HOT.
HOW HOT?
TELL 'EM HOW HOT. LIKE, MAYBE, WOULDN'T YOU SAY SHE WAS... WICKED HOT?

SURE.
YES.
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE GONNA BELIEVE ME UNLESS THEY HEAR IT FROM YOUR MOUTH, BIG GUY.


SIGH
SHE WAS WICKED HOT.
KILL ME.

SO, THEN... *WHIRRRRR* YOU KNEW THIS NEOKI AS WELL?
NOT REALLY KNEW. MET HER ONCE.

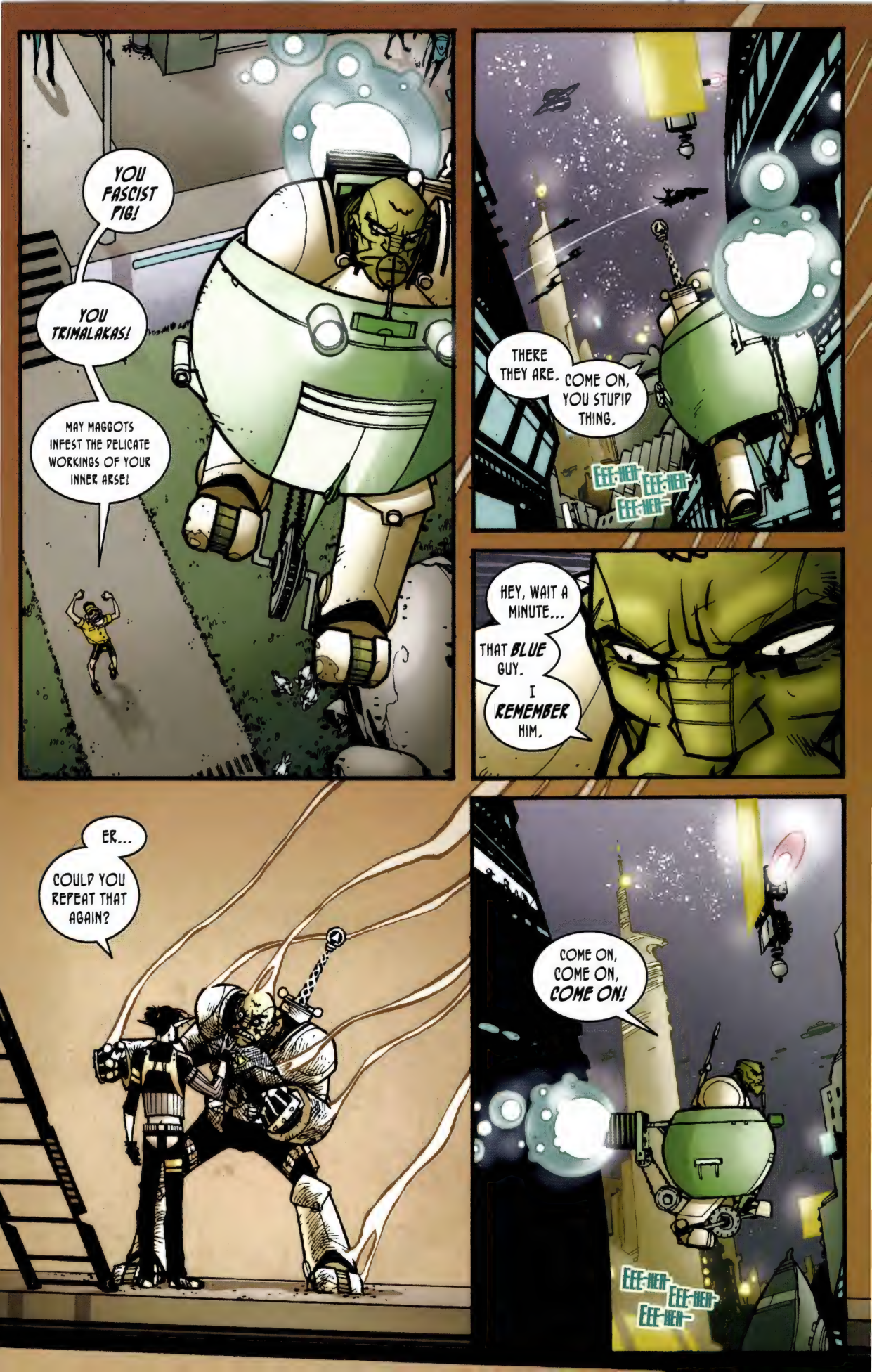
I'D BE INTERESTED *TIC* TO HEAR HOW A *CLAAK* HIGHLY-DECORATED, INTERGALACTIC POLICE OFFICER COMES TO BE INVOLVED *WHIRRRRR* WITH A CENTERFOLD SPACE PIRATE.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
I ACTUALLY COULD USE A BREAK.
GOTTA GO DOWNLOAD A MASSIVE STARLOG, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE REINS FOR A BIT THERE, KRUNK?
AND HAVE FUN WITH IT!
SO LEAVE OUT THE CELIBACY PARTS. YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BORE THE LITTLE BALD GUY WITH THE WICKED ROBOT ARMS.
JUST LEAVE ALREADY.
KNOCK 'EM DEAD, KRUNK!

AS A LAW ENFORCEMENT PROFESSIONAL, I LEAD A HARD, RIGOROUS, UNPREDICTABLE LIFE.
MY ENEMIES ARE MYRIAD AND UBIQUITOUS.
WHAT'S UBIQUITOUS?
I THINK IT'S LIKE WHEN YOU CRAP "TOO" YOUR PANTS.
OH.
I RARELY HAVE IDLE TIME, SO WHAT LITTLE TIME I DO MANAGE TO SCRAPE TOGETHER FOR MYSELF, I TREASURE.
THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE TIMES.
POP-
WEEEEEEEEEEE.

PISS OFF, SPACE RAT.
YOU'RE NOT GETTING NO HAND-OUT FROM ME.
I WORK FOR A LIVING.
YOU STINKIN' BASTARDS!
SHOOMMM!!
SON OF A BITCH!
pweep!
pweep!
pweep!

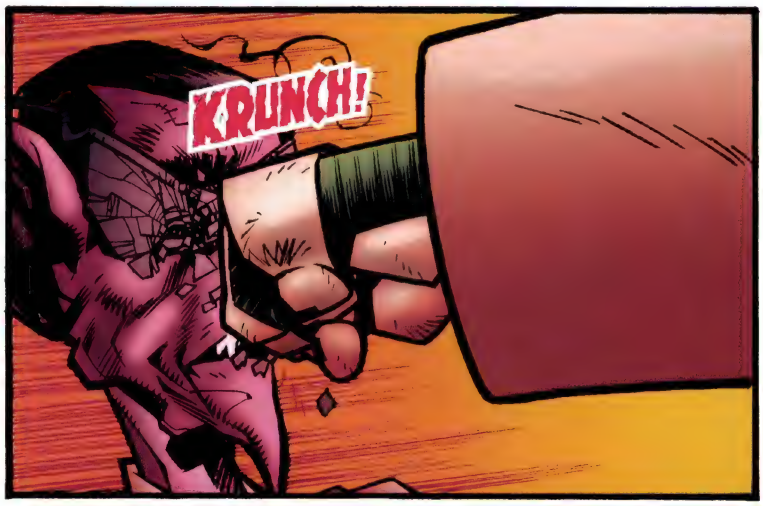
HALT!
EH?
I NEED TO COMMANDEER YOUR BICYCLOPS 3000 PERSONAL AMBULATOR FOR OFFICIAL POLICE BUSINESS.
OFFICIAL POLICE BUSINESS, HUH?
THEN WHY DON'T YOU USE AN OFFICIAL POLICE VEHICLE?
LISTEN, GRAMPS. THESE SUSPECTS ARE DANGEROUS CRIMINALS...
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!
GIVE ME YOUR DAMN BIKE BEFORE THEY GET AWAY!
TOUGH TITTY, YOUNG FELLER.
I HAVE A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.


YOU FASCIST PIG!
YOU TRIMALAKAS!
MAY MAGGOTS INFEST THE DELICATE WORKINGS OF YOUR INNER ARSE!
THERE THEY ARE.
COME ON, YOU STUPID THING.
EEE-HEH- EEE-HEH- EEE-HEH-
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE...
THAT BLUE GUY.
I REMEMBER HIM.
ER...
COULD YOU REPEAT THAT AGAIN?
COME ON, COME ON, COME ON!
EEE-HEH- EEE-HEH- EEE-HEH-

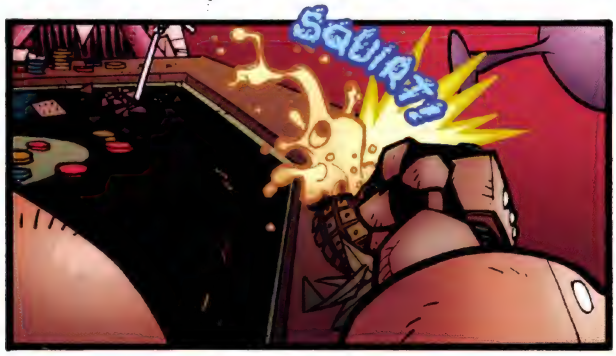
I HAVE YOU NOW.
DE-DEEP!
BA-DOOM!
TING!
OOF!
WHAM!
WHUD
WHUD
I HATE THAT GUY.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY, SIR?
THE FRENCH GOOSE IS ON COMPLETE LOCKDOWN.
THAT SHIP DOESN'T LEAVE UNTIL THAT BLUE-ASSED TOOL TALKS TO ME.
SORRY, CAPTAIN, BUT WE CAN'T DO THAT.
COLONEL BLORQ HAS RELEASED ALL SHIPS FOR TAKEOFF DUE TO OVERCROWDING.
ONCE WE SCAN A SHIP FOR CONTRABAND OR ILLEGAL PARAPHERNALIA, THEY ARE FREE TO LEAVE, SIR.
THAT'S CRAP. WHERE THE HELL IS COLONEL BLORQ THEN?
IN DOCKING BAY C, SIR. BUT...
"BUT" WHAT?
ORDERS ARE THAT EVERYONE HAS TO BE FULLY SCANNED TO ENTER THE DOCKING BAYS, SIR.
AND SINCE YOUR LUNCHBOX IS COMPLETELY IMPENETRABLE BY OUR SCANNERS, WE WILL HAVE TO DO A MANUAL CHECK.
OHH! I GET IT. YOU HEARD I CONFISCATED SOME GORL SCOUT COOKIES EARLIER TODAY AND YOU'RE LOOKING TO SKIM.
FINE.
HAVE AT IT.
DAMN ELEPHIGEONS GOT MOST OF THEM ANYHOW.
SWEET!
HEY, MA.
YUP, MY SHIFT IS ALMOST OVER.
I'LL BE HOME SHORTLY.
HURRY UP, RETARDS.
NICE RING-TONE, SIR.
HUSH NOW BABY, DON'T SAY A WORD MOMMA'S GONNA BUY YOU AN ANDROID BIRD AND IF THAT ANDROID BIRD HAS RUST MOMMA'S GONNA BUY YOU SOME ASTEROID DUST AND IF THAT...
KICK ASS!
DOUBLE FUDGE LEMON SNAPS!!!
SCORE!
YEAH, WE FREAKIN' ROCK.

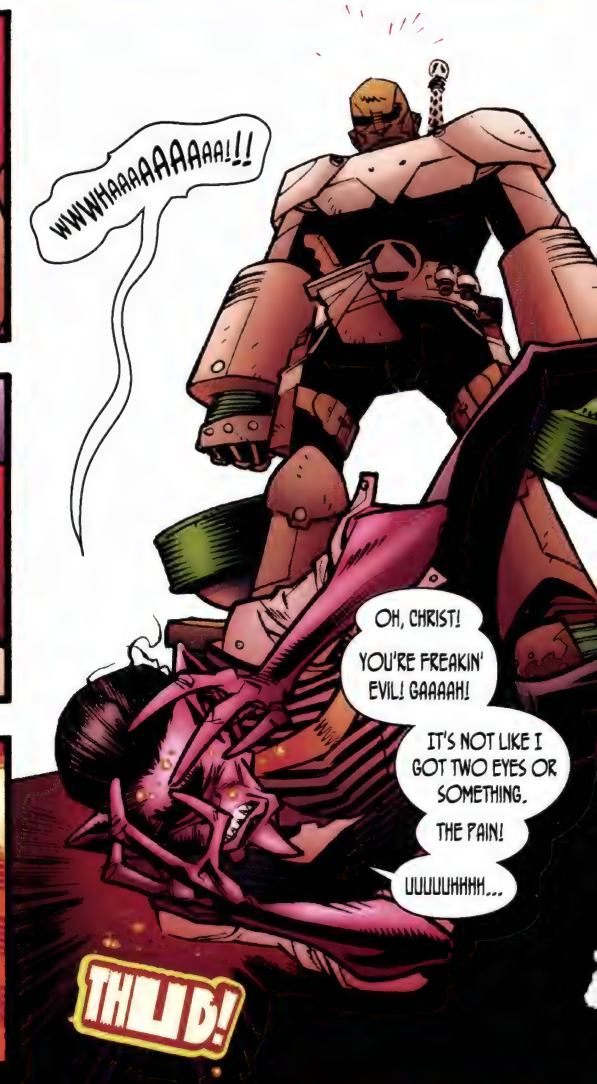
THAT'S HILARIOUS! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU STILL LIVE WITH YOUR MOTHER?
BIG TOUGH SPACE COP IS ACTUALLY NOTHING BUT A MOMMA'S BOY.
MAN, THAT REALLY IS PATHE--


KRUNCH!

GRAB


SQUIRT!

SPLSSSH!


WWWHAAAAAAAAAA!!!
OH, CHRIST!
YOU'RE FREAKIN' EVIL! GAAAAH!
IT'S NOT LIKE I GOT TWO EYES OR SOMETHING.
THE PAIN!
UUUUUHHHH...
THUD!

SO, LIKE I WAS SAYING...

SURE, MA. I'LL STOP BY THE GROCER ON THE WAY HOME.
I'LL BUY THE CUCUMBERS AND THE VASELINE, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO STAND IN LINE WITH A PACK OF OVER-SIZED SPACE SAUSAGES...
BECAUSE IT'S EMBARRASSING!
...JEEZ.
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH! COOKIES!!! MUNCH!
YEAH, MA.
FINE.
I SAID FINE!
OKAY, I LOVE YOU TOO.
BYE.
GORL SCOUTS
LOSERS.
NOW IF YOU LADIES ARE FINISHED STEALING MY COOKIES, ME AND MY LUNCHBOX ARE GOING TO GO FIND COLONEL BLORQ.
MUNCH... YES, SIR.
IF YOU'D JUST PROCEED THROUGH THE SCANNER, WE'LL GET YOU ON YOUR WAY. MUNCH MUNCH.
SCOUTS
SIR, YOU ARE ALL CLEAR.
PROCEED.
YEAH.
THANKS FOR THAT, POUCHE BAGS.

AS CLEVER AND DEVIOUS AS NEOKI IS, SOMETIMES IT'S NOT ENOUGH.
ZZZ CRAP!
AAACK!
THAT WAS MY WEAPON'S LOWEST SETTING, NEOKI.
YOU WILL DELIVER THE IDOL TO ME IMMEDIATELY OR I WILL MAIM YOU PROFUSELY.
FUNNY THING IS, I DON'T HAVE IT.
FUNNY THING IS, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.
DISCUS THE DESTROYER WILL NOT BE TRIFLED WITH!
COME ON, DISCUS, AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH?
ENOUGH, WOMAN! I KNOW THAT YOUR LOVE FOR ME WAS A FARCE! YOU LEFT ME STANDING AT THE ALTAR... HUMILIATED! NO MATTER. I CAN JUST AS EASILY TAKE THE IDOL OFF OF YOUR SMOLDERING CORPSE!
DIE, WENCH!

THOK!
ERK!
THE DISCHARGE OF FIREARMS IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED IN DOCKING BAY SECTIONS.
GAAAH!
THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING.
AAAAIIIEEEEE!
PUNT!
ARE YOU OKAY, MA'AM?
I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT REPRIMANDING THAT SCUMBAG SOONER.
IT'S A CONSTANT STRUGGLE TO KEEP UP WITH ALL OF THE RIFFRAFF ON THIS ACCURSED SPACE STATION.
HERE, MAY I HELP YOU UP?
ARE YOU IN NEED OF ANY MEDICAL ASSISTANCE?
I...
I CAN CALL FOR MED SQUAD TO CHECK YOU OUT. I ALSO CARRY ADHESIVE BANDAGES AND ANTI-BACTERIAL OINTMENT ON ME, IF NEEDED.
UM. NO.
NO, I'M ALL RIGHT. HE JUST GRAZED ME.
BUT YOU, UH, SAVED ME. HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME THIS TIME.
THANK YOU.

NO PROBLEM AT ALL, MA'AM. IT'S MY JOB TO SECURE THE PEACE AROUND HERE.
NO ONE HAS EVER SAVED ME BEFORE.
WELL, THEN, IT PLEASES ME TO BE THE FIRST.
NOW CARRY ON.
IS THERE ANY WAY I COULD POSSIBLY REPAY YOU?
... SOMEWHERE, I DON'T KNOW, MORE PRIVATE?
SORRY, MA'AM, BUT I HAVE NO TIME FOR PLEASURES OF THE FLESH.
DUTY IS MY LIFE.
I'M SWORN TO FIGHT FOR JUSTICE IN THIS QUADRANT.
IT'S A NEVER ENDING BATTLE, THIS BATTLE FOR JUSTICE.
A LESSER MAN WOULD HAVE COLLAPSED UNDER THE IMMENSE WEIGHT OF THIS BURDEN, BUT I WILL NEVER SUBMIT.
I HAVE A FIRE IN ME.
THE BURNING FLAME OF DUTY...
YES. DUTY.
WHAT ARE YOU? GAY OR SOMETHING?
HMM. I'VE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I GUESS I'D HAVE TO SAY "NO".
AS I SAID, THERE IS NO PLACE IN MY LIFE FOR THE SWEET AND TENDER EMBRACE OF COITUS.
IF I PUT THE FIGHT FOR JUSTICE ON HOLD, EVEN FOR THE SLIGHTEST OF MOMENTS, EVIL WOULD TRIUMPH.
MAYBE YOU WEREN'T LISTENING... DID I MENTION THE PART ABOUT DUTY?
WHACK!
WHACK!
WHACK!
WHACK!
WHACK!
WELL, I HOPE THAT WORKS OUT FOR YOU.

BITCH BEAT YOU UNCONSCIOUS WITH A "WHIIRRRRR" LUNCHBOX?
...BECAUSE SHE HATES QUEERS?
NO! I'M NOT GAY, ALREADY!
SHE BEAT ME WITH MY LUNCHBOX TO TAKE IT WITH HER.
WHY WOULD SHE DO THAT?
BECAUSE THE SCANNERS CAN'T SEE THROUGH IT, DUMBASS.
THAT'S A STRANGE FEATURE FOR A LUNCH-BOX.
USED TO BELONG TO MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPA. HE WAS A NERBELITE MINER. IT WAS BUILT TO WITHSTAND HIGH LEVELS OF RADIATION AND STILL KEEP THE CONTENTS FRESH AND TASTY.
IT WAS A DIFFERENT TIME.
THEY MADE THINGS BETTER BACK THEN. THINGS WEREN'T JUST STAMPED OUT BY A MACHINE, THEY WERE BUILT BY CRAFTSMEN.
ARTISTS WHO TOOK PRIDE IN THEIR WORK.

THAT'S GREAT AND ALL, BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY ANSWER MY QUESTION.
WHY DID SHE STEAL THE LUNCHBOX IN THE FIRST PLACE?
...TO SMUGGLE THE "TIC" IDOL OFF THE STATION.
I'M LIKING THIS GIRL "TOO" MORE AND MORE.
WAIT A MINUTE, DID I BLACK OUT OR SOMETHING?
HOW DID SHE GET THE IDOL?
LAST I HEARD, HE STILL HAD IT.
YOU BORE ME.
BLINK BLINK
RAISE.
SHE MUST HAVE "WHORRR" BAMBOOZLED THE BLUE "KLAK" IDIOT SOMEHOW.
OOO! THAT'S ME! I GET TO TALK AGAIN!
SHE BAM-BOOZLED ME, ALRIGHT!
AND THIS TIME IT WAS IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

THAT IS ONE HUGE FISH. DO YOU THINK HE SAW US?
GET OFF OF ME.
FISH NEVER BLINK, SO I BET HE DID. YOU'RE A DIRTY FISH, AREN'T YOU?
YEAH. GO ME.
WHERE ARE MY PANTIES?
I THOUGHT THEY WERE RIGHT OVER...OH, GROSS.
THAT'S MUMMIFIED FERTILITY SOLDIER, AND THOSE WERE MY FAVORITE PANTIES.
THANKS.
I FEEL SO MUCH SMARTER AFTER DOING IT IN A MUSEUM.
TRUST ME, YOU'RE NOT. YOU'RE NOT EVEN SMART ENOUGH TO BE A BOUNTY HUNTER.
YEAH, THAT WAS WEIRD HOW YOU THOUGHT THAT. MOST PEOPLE EASILY BELIEVE THAT I'M A PIZZA DUDE.
AND ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT YOU WERE PRETENDING TO BE A MORON JUST TO THROW ME OFF.
BUT YOU'RE JUST A MORON FOR REAL.
UH...A REAL LOVIN' MORON? CAN I BE THAT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE DONE A LONG TIME AGO.

AW, COME ON!
I'LL GET YOU A NEW PAIR OF PANTIES, I PROMISE!
OR YOU COULD EVEN HAVE MINE!
ADIOS, QUINN.
HAVE FUN IN PIZZA HEAVEN.
DE-DEEP!
PIZZA HEAVEN? COOL!

THIS THING ITCHES SOMETHING WICKED!
HELP ME SCRATCH THE BACK OF MY NECK, WILL YOU, BUDDY?
SHOOOO!!!
HONEST ABE'S PENITENTIARY & WINERY
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE THAT ALONE!
IF IT GOES OFF THEN THE ENTIRE VEHICLE WILL BE INCINERATED!
ISN'T THERE ANY WAY TO GET IT OFF?
LIKE A SPATULA OR SOMETHING?
YOU NEED YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S CODE TO GET IT OFF.
IF YOU KEEP TAMPERING WITH IT, YOU'LL JUST SET IT OFF.
WHEN YOU GET TO YOUR CELL, YOU CAN PLAY WITH IT ALL YOU WANT.
IN FACT, I URGE YOU.
THANKFULLY, YOU WON'T BE IN MY CELL.
BUT I WANTED TO BE CELLMATES!
WITH ALL MY MEDALS, I'LL PROBABLY JUST BUNK WITH THE PRISON GUARDS.
YOU'LL BE IN GENERAL POPULATION, PLAYING TWISTER IN THE SHOWER, WHILE I'LL BE PRACTICING MY HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT IN A MUCH NICER WING.
SPACE ENFORCEMENT SOLDIERS ARE TREATED WITH RESPECT.
EVEN ONES THAT POUND SPACE SHEEP?

ENOUGH WITH THAT! I HATE SPACE SHEEP!
THAT INTERGALACTIC SPACE BITCH LEFT ME THERE TO SPITE ME!
AND AFTER I SAVED HER, TOO!
KSSSSSST!
I THOUGHT YOU LOVED SPACE SHEEP.
NEOKI AND I RAN INTO YOU AT THE POND WHEN YOU WERE SITTING ON THE PLASTIC SPRINGY SHEEP.
BRUUUUUU
IT WAS A DUCK!
THE STINKIN' ELEPHIGEONS HAD CRAPPED ALL OVER THE LION SO I WAS FORCED TO CHOOSE ANOTHER!
YOU MUST BE KRUNK AND QUINN.
HMM... NEITHER OF YOU HAS LAST NAMES.
STRIP DOWN AND ENTER THE METAL DETECTOR.

HOLD IT.
WHAT'S THAT AROUND YOUR NECK?
DEET! DEET! DEET!
IT'S A NECK-LACE MY MOM GAVE ME!
ACCORDING TO SECTION 33-207 OF THE PENITENTIARY ACT, EVERY PRISONER IS ALLOWED ONE PERSONAL ITEM!
WAS THAT A CHASTITY BELT?
PROCEED.

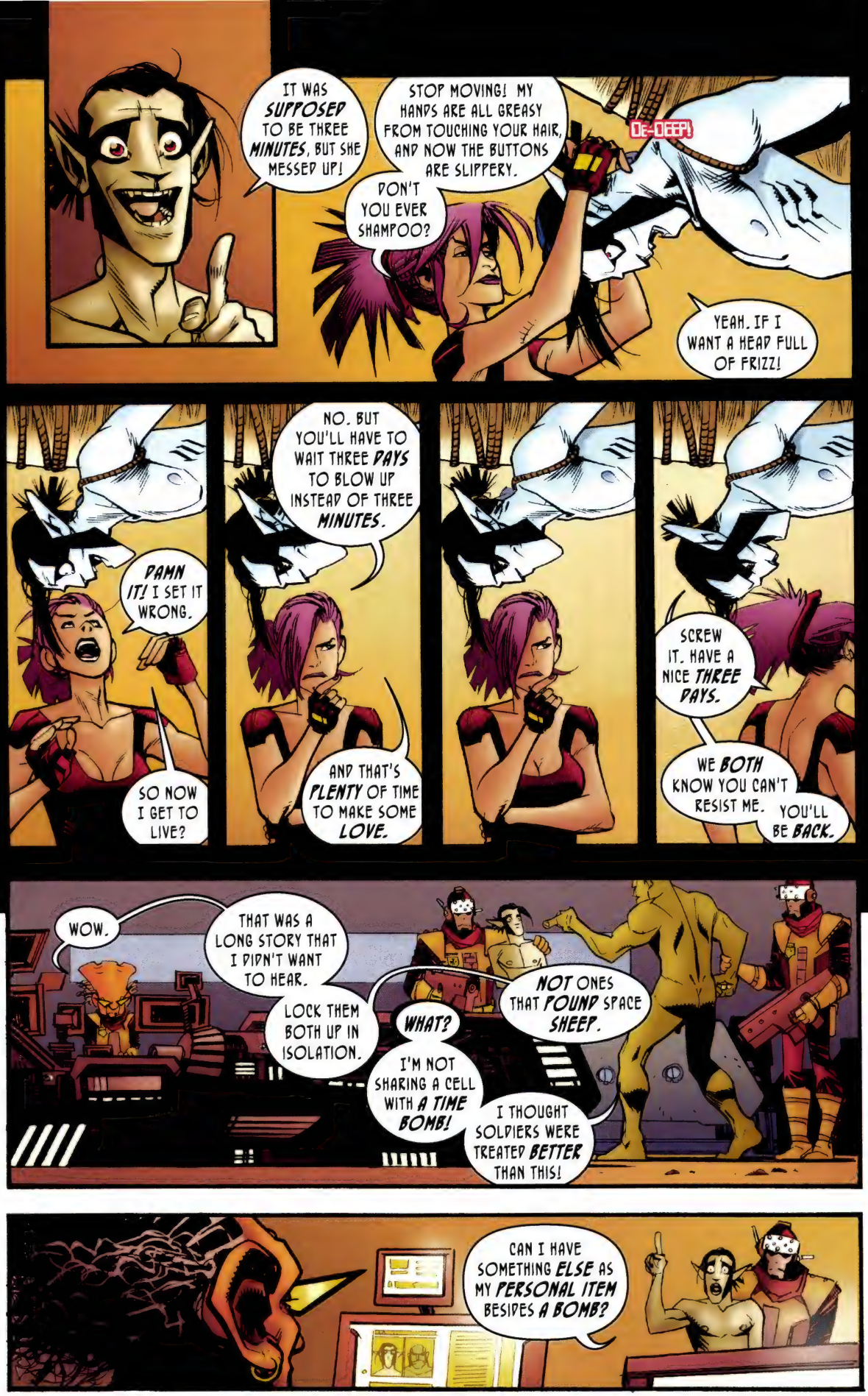
I ALREADY DID!
TAKE 'EM OFF, QUEER BAIT.
AMAZING.

HOW YOU DOING, BABY?
MUCH BETTER NOW.

DEET! DEET! DEET!

WHAT'S THAT ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK?
IT'S A B-17.
B-17? EVERYONE GET DOWN!
YOU GUYS CAN TAKE IT OFF, RIGHT?

IT'S A B-17, ALRIGHT.
AND, ACCORDING TO THE COMPUTER, IT'S SET UP AS A TIME BOMB.
HOW MUCH TIME IS LEFT?
HMM. COMPUTER SAYS THREE DAYS.
WHY WOULDN'T WHOEVER PUT IT THERE JUST SET IT TO GO OFF IMMEDIATELY?
YEAH.
WHY COULDN'T THEY HAVE JUST SHOT YOU IN THE FACE?


IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THREE MINUTES, BUT SHE MESSED UP!
STOP MOVING! MY HANDS ARE ALL GREASY FROM TOUCHING YOUR HAIR, AND NOW THE BUTTONS ARE SLIPPERY.
DE-DEEP!
DON'T YOU EVER SHAMPOO?
YEAH. IF I WANT A HEAD FULL OF FRIZZ!
DAMN IT! I SET IT WRONG.
SO NOW I GET TO LIVE?
NO. BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT THREE DAYS TO BLOW UP INSTEAD OF THREE MINUTES.
AND THAT'S PLENTY OF TIME TO MAKE SOME LOVE.
SCREW IT. HAVE A NICE THREE DAYS.
WE BOTH KNOW YOU CAN'T RESIST ME.
YOU'LL BE BACK.
WOW.
THAT WAS A LONG STORY THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR.
LOCK THEM BOTH UP IN ISOLATION.
WHAT?
I'M NOT SHARING A CELL WITH A TIME BOMB!
NOT ONES THAT POUND SPACE SHEEP.
I THOUGHT SOLDIERS WERE TREATED BETTER THAN THIS!
CAN I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE AS MY PERSONAL ITEM BESIDES A BOMB?

HOLD UP HERE. *WHIIRR* WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT *KLIK-KLAK* SPACE SHEEP?
YOU ONE OF THEM *BZZ* ANIMAL QUEERS TOO?
AFTER SAVING HER LIFE FROM THAT PIP-SQUEAK BOUNTY HUNTER, NEOKI FELT SHE NEEDED TO HUMILIATE ME FOR DISMISSING HER WHORISH ATTEMPTS TO SEDUCE ME.
YOU GOT BEAT UP BY A GIRL?
BWAHAHAHA!
I WAS FATIGUED FROM BATTLE, AND MY BACK WAS TURNED!
BUT YOU JUST SAID HE WAS A PIP-SQUEAK.
HOW HARD COULD IT'VE BEEN?
UM... UH, WELL YOU SEE... UM...
HE WASN'T A PIP-SQUEAK! HIS NAME WAS DISCUS! DISCUS THE DESTROYER! HE DRESSES IN WICKED BRIGHT CLOTHES LIKE HE'S GETTING SHOT OUT OF A CANNON!
AND HE HAS GREAT BIG EYES.
KRUNK CAN'T LIE, ASK HIM!
IT IS TRUE! HE IS KNOWN AS DISCUS THE DESTROYER!
AND HIS EYES ARE FREAKIN' HUGE!
BIGGER THEN YOURS, EVEN!
AND AFTER NEOKI BEAT UP KRUNK, SHE PUT HIM IN A COMPROMISING POSITION WITH SOME SPACE SHEEP!
IN FACT, THAT'S HOW WE EVENTUALLY BECAME PALS.
YOU GUYS BECAME FRIENDS BECAUSE HE WAS CAUGHT ENDANGERING THE SEXUAL WELFARE OF SHEEP?
SIGH.

CALM DOWN, LADIES.
THERE'S NO NEED TO FIGHT.
I'M SO BIG AND SO WELL-GROWN THAT I'M ENOUGH MAN FOR THE BOTH OF YOU.
TEE-HEE!
BAAAH-AAH.
UHHNNNNN... WHA...
WHAT THE HELL?
BAAAAH!
BAAAAH!
BAAAAH!
BAAAAH!
BAAAAH!
BAAAAH!
THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.
HOLY BALLS OF JESUS, IS THAT GUY SICK.
GASP!
DEAR LORD ON HIGH.
HE DONE FORNICATED WIT DEM SHEEP!
HE'S OVER HERE, OFFICERS!
DON'T MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH HIM--
HE'LL HYPNOTIZE YOU INTO BANGING SHEEP WITH HIM.
GASP!
AW, CRAP.
WHEN I GOT DONE CHECKING IN WITH CUSTOMS, I FOUND THIS GUY DIDDLIN' MY PRECIOUS SPACE SHEEP!!!

SIR, PLEASE STOP.
IF YOU CONTINUE TO RESIST ARREST, WE'LL HAVE TO COMMENCE FIRING!
SCREW YOU!
IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!
YES SIR, COLONEL BLORQ.
WE HAVE THE SUSPECT CORNERED IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.
IT'S AFTER CLOSING, SO THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANYONE INSIDE.
I SUGGEST WE PROCEED WITH THE APPREHENSION, SIR.
ABSOLUTELY, LIEUTENANT.
BRING HIM IN.
UPTOWN GIRL.
LA LA LA DA DA DA DA
UPTOWN WORLD.
I THINK HE WENT THIS WAY. BE CAREFUL.
UPTOWN GI--HEY!
HEY, OFFICERS, OVER HERE!
I'M ALL NAKED AND TIED UP!
YOU WANNA GIVE ME A HAND?
HEY, BUDDY!
I KNOW YOU!
YOU IMPOUNDED MY SHIP! YEAH... YOU, HIDING BEHIND THE DIGITAL VIEWER!
REX
THE BIG GREEN GUY THAT SMELLS LIKE WOOL!
GIVE ME A HAND, WILL YA?

COME ON, I KNOW YOU HEAR ME.
WHY DON'T YOU HELP A FELLOW OUT?
HASN'T YOUR GIRLFRIEND LEFT YOU TIED UP BEFORE?
SON OF A...
I'M RUNNING OUT OF SONGS TO SING TO MYSELF, SO IT'D BE GREAT IF YOU COULD UNTIE ME.
WILL YOU SHUT YOUR STINKING HOLE?!
I'M TRYING TO HIDE HERE!
DON'T MOVE OR WE'LL SHOOT YOUR SHEEP-KISSING FACE OFF!
SHIT.
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, SCUM-BALL.
I DIDN'T HAVE SEX WITH ANY SHEEP, DAMN YOU!
I WAS FRAMED!
TELL IT TO THE WARDEN, PERVERT.
YOU AND YOUR ACCOMPLICE ARE GOING TO JAIL.
I ALWAYS KNEW THAT PEOPLE IN CHASTITY BELTS WERE THE BIGGEST PERVERTS...
YOU MAKE ME SICK.
THANKS FOR GETTING ME DOWN, OFFICER. MY BUTT WAS REALLY STARTING TO CHAFE AGAINST THAT TUSK.
SHUT UP, FREAK.
YES, SIR!
HEY, WHAT'S AN "ACCOMPLICE"?

I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY A GROWN MAN WOULD WEAR A CHASTITY BELT.
I MEAN, HELL, I DON'T EVEN KNOW ANY GIRLS WHO WEAR ONE.
YEAH. WHY IN THE WORLD WOULD YOU INCLUDE THAT LITTLE NUGGET?
IT SLIPPED... BUT YOU ALL CAN BITE MY ASS! ALONG WITH MY SWORD AND ARMOR, MY MOM MADE A CHASTITY BELT FOR ME WHEN I WAS YOUNGER. AND LIKE MY LUNCH-BOX, MY LASER KEY IS THE ONLY THING THAT CAN UNLOCK IT. AND YOU WOULD BE SO LUCKY TO HAVE MOTHERS WHO CARED AS MUCH AS MINE DOES!
HIS MOM IS AWESOME. SHE EVEN MADE ME THESE KAMAS ON MY BACK. AND GAVE ME COOKIES.
SHE'S ROCK AND ROLL!
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ANY SANE PERSON WOULD GIVE YOU A SHARP OBJECT.
I KNOW!
THAT KEY WORKS ON BOTH YOUR UNDERWEAR "WHIIRRR" AND LUNCHBOX?
WHAT KIND OF FAMILY IS THIS?
AND WHY NOT KEEP IT AS YOUR ONE PERSONAL ITEM?
I MEAN, YOU WERE GOING TO PRISON, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE BETTER THAN A CHASTITY BELT?
HMM. DIDN'T THINK OF THAT. I COULD HAVE USED IT IN THE SHOWER.

HEY, KRUNK, OVER HERE. THERE'S STILL A SPOT NEXT TO ME!
WONDERFUL...

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT ON YOUR HEAD?
A SHOWER CAP.
HOW DID YOU GET IT?
IT'S A LONG STORY.
HOW?
WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER THE ENTIRE TIME SINCE WE GOT HERE EXCEPT FOR THE LAST 30 SECONDS!
AREN'T YOU A NOSEY NELLY?
WHATEVER.
I'M JUST GLAD TO FINALLY GET THIS DAMN SHEEP SMELL OFF OF ME.

MAN, IS IT GOING TO BE A LONG THREE DAYS UNTIL YOUR DAMN BOMB KILLS US...
HOW THE HELL COULD MY LIFE GET THIS BAD?
YESTERDAY, I WAS A DECORATED COP, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE THAT THERE WERE EVEN PLACES THAT EXISTED WHERE NAKED GROWN MEN ARE FORCED TO SHOWER TOGETHER...

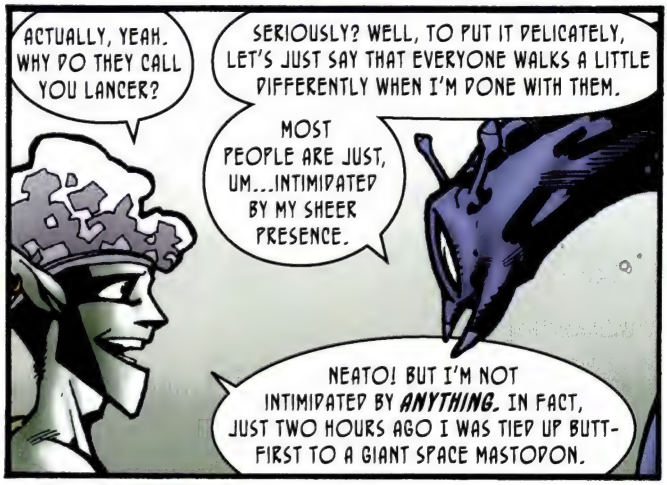
SIGH. MY, HOW THE MIGHTY ARE FALLEN.
THERE IS NO JUSTICE IN THIS UNIVERSE.
OH WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE IT CAN GET ANY WORSE.
HEY, KRUNK! I'LL DO YOUR BACK IF YOU DO MINE!

SPLOORP!

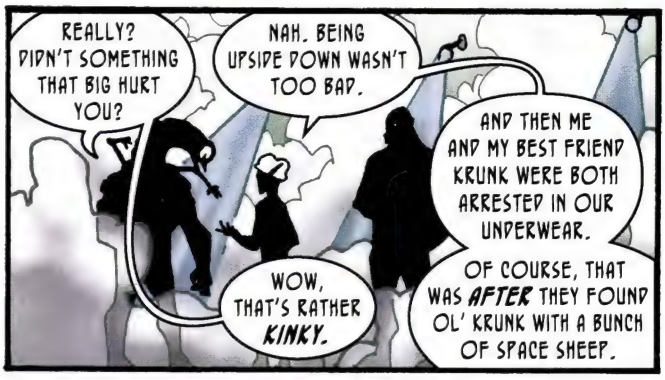
SLIDE!
SPLAK!
SOAP ALERT! DON'T WORRY, KRUNK, I'LL GET THAT FOR YOU!
UH OH.
JEEZ, THAT DUDE IS FREAKIN' BRAVE.
FOUND IT!
BE GENTLE ON HIM, LANCER. HE LOOKS BRITTLE.

HEY KRUNK, DON'T WORRY. I GOT THE SLIPPERY LITTLE BUGGER.
BUMP OF DA CROTCH
OOPS!
SORRY ABOUT THAT, PAL.

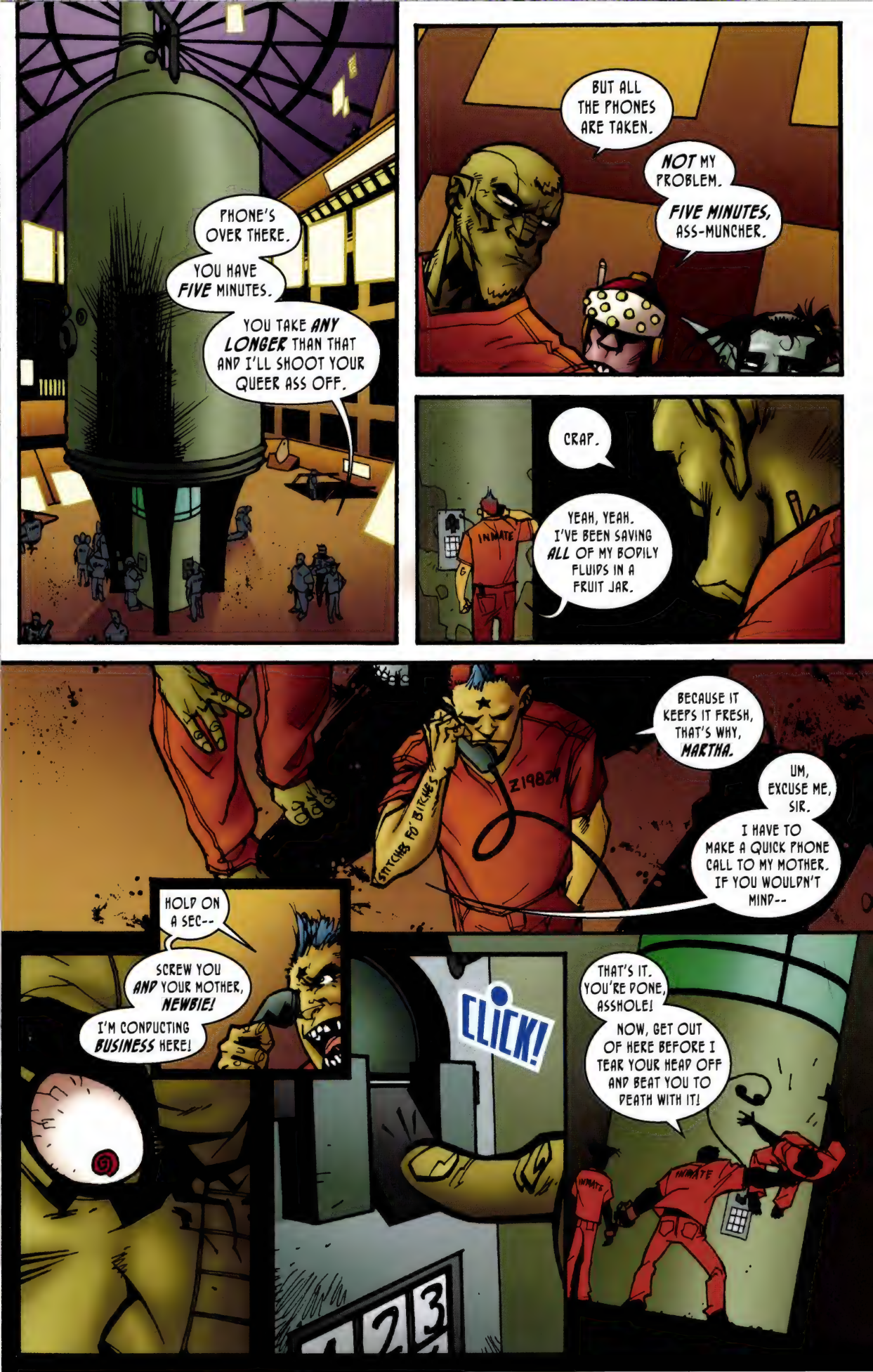
HEH, NO PROBLEM, SWEETIE.
I'M KNOWN AS LANCER. YOU NEW HERE?


ACTUALLY, YEAH. WHY DO THEY CALL YOU LANCER?
SERIOUSLY? WELL, TO PUT IT DELICATELY, LET'S JUST SAY THAT EVERYONE WALKS A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY WHEN I'M DONE WITH THEM.
MOST PEOPLE ARE JUST, UM...INTIMIDATED BY MY SHEER PRESENCE.
NEATO! BUT I'M NOT INTIMIDATED BY ANYTHING. IN FACT, JUST TWO HOURS AGO I WAS TIED UP BUTT-FIRST TO A GIANT SPACE MASTODON.

REALLY? WELL, YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WILL HAVE TO COME HANG OUT IN MY CELL SOMETIME. MAYBE WE CAN TEACH EACH OTHER A FEW THINGS.
SURE! KRUNK AND I LOVE LEARNING NEW THINGS!
I'LL GO TELL HIM.


REALLY? DIDN'T SOMETHING THAT BIG HURT YOU?
NAH. BEING UPSIDE DOWN WASN'T TOO BAD.
AND THEN ME AND MY BEST FRIEND KRUNK WERE BOTH ARRESTED IN OUR UNDERWEAR.
WOW, THAT'S RATHER KINKY.
OF COURSE, THAT WAS AFTER THEY FOUND OL' KRUNK WITH A BUNCH OF SPACE SHEEP.

DO YOU HAVE BRAIN DAMAGE?
MY DAD USED TO TELL ME THAT I DID ALMOST EVERY DAY...
UNTIL HE LEFT US FOR A ONE-ARMED STRIPPER.
OKAY, SHOWER TIME IS OVER.
YOU TWO BUTT-MONKEYS COME WITH ME TO MAKE YOUR ONE PHONE CALL.


PHONE'S OVER THERE.
YOU HAVE FIVE MINUTES.
YOU TAKE ANY LONGER THAN THAT AND I'LL SHOOT YOUR QUEER ASS OFF.
BUT ALL THE PHONES ARE TAKEN.
NOT MY PROBLEM.
FIVE MINUTES, ASS-MUNCHER.
CRAP.
YEAH, YEAH. I'VE BEEN SAVING ALL OF MY BODILY FLUIDS IN A FRUIT JAR.
INMATE
BECAUSE IT KEEPS IT FRESH, THAT'S WHY, MARTHA.
UM, EXCUSE ME, SIR.
I HAVE TO MAKE A QUICK PHONE CALL TO MY MOTHER. IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND--
Z19824
STITCHES FO' BITCHES
HOLD ON A SEC--
SCREW YOU AND YOUR MOTHER, NEWBIE!
I'M CONDUCTING BUSINESS HERE!
CLICK!
THAT'S IT. YOU'RE DONE, ASSHOLE!
NOW, GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I TEAR YOUR HEAD OFF AND BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH IT!
INMATE
INMATE

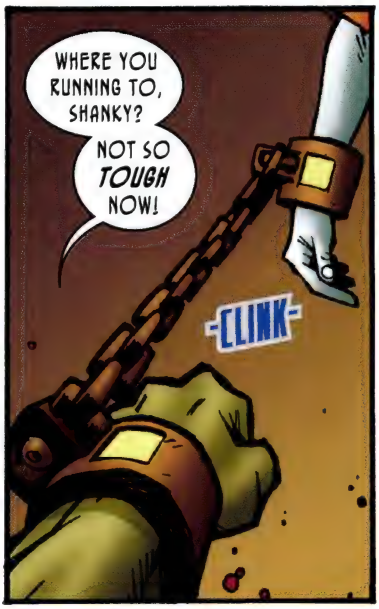
BEEP
BOOP
BOOP
BEEP
BOOP

HEY, MA.
YEAH, SORRY I'M LATE.
I, UH, GOT ARRESTED TODAY.
ALL OVER THE NEWS?!
NO, I'M INNOCENT! I'D NEVER DO--

HEY MA, COULD YOU HOLD ON A SECOND?

YOU'RE DEAD, FOOL!
NO ONE DISSES SHANKY VON SHANKERTON AND LIVES TO TELL ABOUT IT!
I'M GONNA CUT OUT YOUR TAINT!
QUINN, COULD YOU TALK TO MY MOM FOR A MOMENT, PLEASE?
SURE THING.

KRACK
GHFFF!

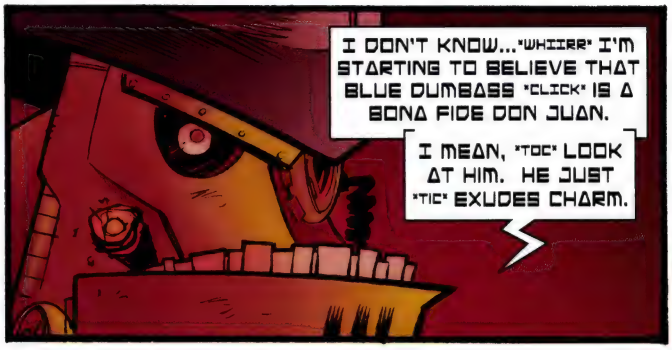

WHERE YOU RUNNING TO, SHANKY?
NOT SO TOUGH NOW!
-CLINK-

OH GOD!
SOMEONE GET HIM OFF ME.
GAH!
BITE
BITE
REND
CHEW
BITE

I DON'T KNOW?
SO WHAT YOU WEARING, MRS. KRUNK?
MMM... SOUNDS NICE!

YOU GOT SWEET ON KRUNK'S MOM?
YOU GOT BALLS, MAN.
...TEACH ME YOUR WAYS.

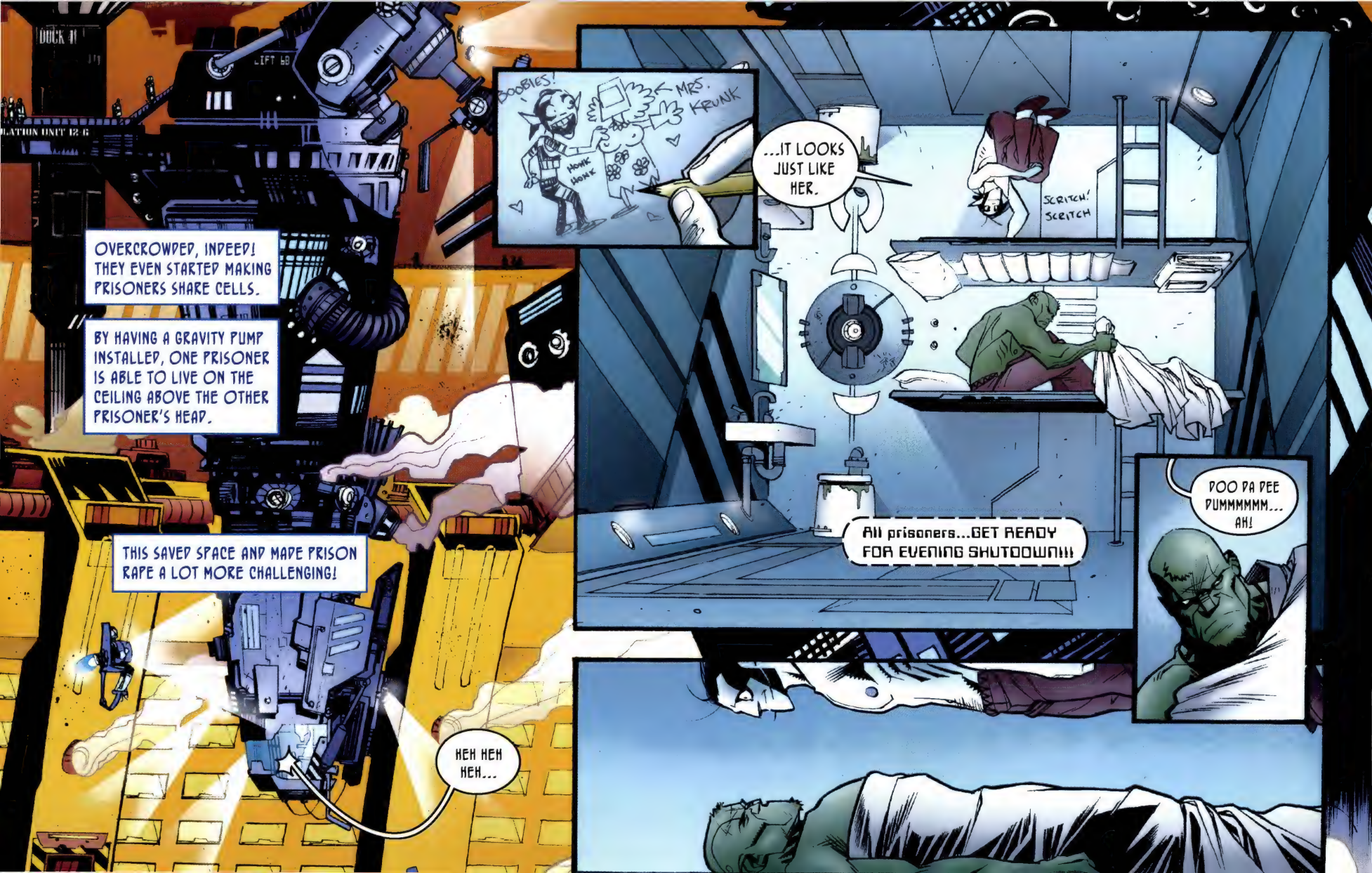
HE DIDN'T GET SWEET ON MY MOM, DAMMIT!
HE JUST TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HER KINDNESS.


I DON'T KNOW...*WHIIRR* I'M STARTING TO BELIEVE THAT BLUE DUMBASS *CLICK* IS A BONA FIDE DON JUAN.
I MEAN, *TOC* LOOK AT HIM. HE JUST *TIC* EXUDES CHARM.

THAT'S CRAP, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS ABOUT HIM!
MOST OF THE TIME HE HAS ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHERE HE IS OR WHAT KIND OF DANGER HE'S IN!
HE GOES THROUGH LIFE ASS FIRST, BUT SOMEHOW HE ALWAYS LANDS ON TOP!
AND USUALLY IN A BETTER POSITION THAN BEFORE!
IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!

HEY, LOOK!
THERE'S AN ANTIQUE QUARTER AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GLASS!
SEE?

ANYWAYS, *KLIK* HOW THE HELL DID YOU GUYS BREAK *TOK* OUT OF HONEST ABE'S?
NO ONE'S *TOK* EVER GOTTEN OUT ALIVE.
THEY EVEN MADE A MOVIE ONCE ABOUT *KLAK* THOSE THREE GUYS WHO TRIED TO *NOK* FLOAT OUT, AND THEN THOSE ACTORS DIED A YEAR LATER!
HELL, I JUST WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU BOTH FIT IN AN ISOLATION CELL WITHOUT KILLING EACH OTHER.


DOCK 11
LIFT 68
OVERCROWDED, INDEED! THEY EVEN STARTED MAKING PRISONERS SHARE CELLS.
BY HAVING A GRAVITY PUMP INSTALLED, ONE PRISONER IS ABLE TO LIVE ON THE CEILING ABOVE THE OTHER PRISONER'S HEAD.
THIS SAVED SPACE AND MADE PRISON RAPE A LOT MORE CHALLENGING!
HEH HEH HEH...
BOOBIES!
MRS. KRUNK
HONK HONK
...IT LOOKS JUST LIKE HER.
SCRITCH! SCRITCH
All prisoners...GET READY FOR EVENING SHUTDOWN!!!
DOO DA DEE DUMMMMMM... AH!

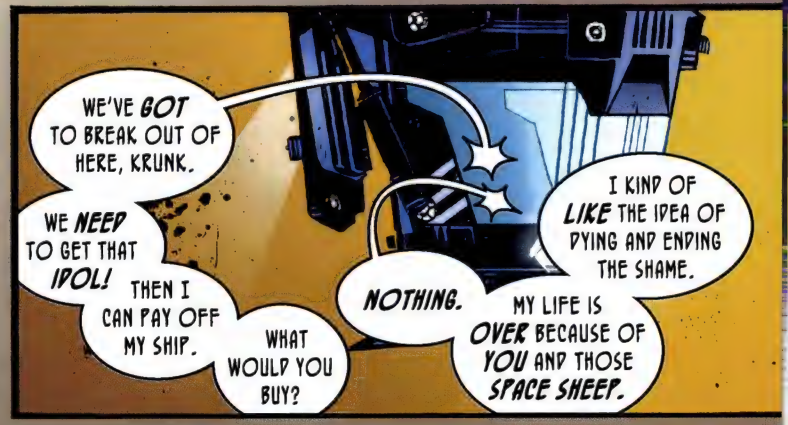
THIS IS ODD, HUH?
DON'T TALK TO ME.
JUST LET ME LIVE OUT MY LAST THREE DAYS IN PEACE.

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WITH NEOKI, MAN!
ONE MINUTE WE'RE IN LOVE, AND THE NEXT SHE'S SLAPPING A BOMB ONTO ME.

I KNOW. YOU'VE TOLD ME THREE TIMES NOW.
MAYBE SHE WAS JUST PRETENDING TO LIKE YOU IN ORDER TO SEDUCE THE IDOL FROM YOU.

NO. THAT CAN'T BE IT.
TRUST ME, THAT'S IT.
BUT WHY WOULD SHE WANT TO KILL ME?
BECAUSE YOU'RE ANNOYING.

SORRY.
I JUST FARTED.
IT'S COOL.
HEAT FLOATS UP, THEREFORE I'M UNAFFECTED.


WE'VE GOT TO BREAK OUT OF HERE, KRUNK.
WE NEED TO GET THAT IDOL!
THEN I CAN PAY OFF MY SHIP.
WHAT WOULD YOU BUY?
NOTHING.
I KIND OF LIKE THE IDEA OF DYING AND ENDING THE SHAME.
MY LIFE IS OVER BECAUSE OF YOU AND THOSE SPACE SHEEP.

BUT IF WE SELL THE IDOL, YOU COULD BUY BACK YOUR REPUTATION!
YEAH...
BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT TRUE HONOR IS.
AND I COULD BUY MY OWN PIZZA PLACE!
DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT--
YES.
QUINN'S PIZZA PARADE, WHERE YOU SIT WITH THE FAMILY AND EAT IT WITH THEM.
YOU'VE TOLD ME SIX TIMES NOW. AND BY THE WAY, YOU'RE RETARDED.
WHAT ABOUT BUYING YOUR MOM SOMETHING NICE?
LIKE A NEW HAMMER OR SOMETHING?
YOU COULD EVEN BUY YOUR OWN ISLAND ON OCEANARIOUS-FOUR IF YOU LIKE, AND LIVE THERE WITH YOUR MOTHER!
BET YOU DIDN'T THINK OF THAT!
ARE YOU LISTENING?
TOUCH.
WHERE IS SHE, ANYWAY?
I THOUGHT SHE'D BE HERE BY NOW.
WHO?
YOUR MOM.
SHE TOLD ME THAT WITH YOUR HOMING BEACON, SHE COULD FIND YOU ANYWHERE!
SHE'S ON HER WAY HERE TO BREAK US OUT RIGHT NOW.
WHAT? SHE'S ON HER WAY HERE?
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! SHE HASN'T DRIVEN IN YEARS!
THEN HOW DOES SHE GET AROUND?
SHE HAS MY BEEPER NUMBER AND PAGES ME WHENEVER SHE NEEDS SOMETHING!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE AND SAVE HER!
YEAH! AND THEN I CAN GET THE IDOL AND KEEP THE MONEY FOR MYSELF!
THE HELL YOU WILL!
HOW ARE YOU GONNA OPEN THE LUNCHBOX WITHOUT THE KEY?
I'LL JUST TAKE IT AFTER YOU FALL ASLEEP.

YOU CAN'T TELL WHEN I SLEEP! I HAVE NO EYELIDS, SO I'LL SEE EVERYTHING!
I NEVER NOTICED THAT BEFORE.
COOL!
SO DOES THIS MEAN YOU'LL HELP ME BREAK OUT AND GET THE IDOL?
THANKS TO YOU, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BREAK OUT AND SAVE MY MOM!
THE MONEY FROM THE IDOL WILL BE ENOUGH FOR US TO DISAPPEAR.

WHAT ABOUT ME?
YOU'RE STAYING HERE! I CAN FIND NEOKI WITHOUT YOU.

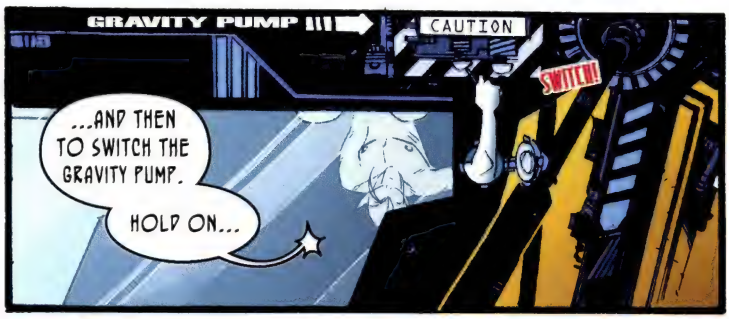
TOUCH!
REALLY?
YOU NEED ME.
AND HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FIND HER WITHOUT KNOWING WHICH PLANET THE IDOL IS BEING SOLD ON?

DAMN IT!
YEAH! NOW WE'RE FRIENDS BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO CHOICE!
HAHA!
WHAM!

WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE UNTIL WE'RE OUT OF HERE.
LAZARD

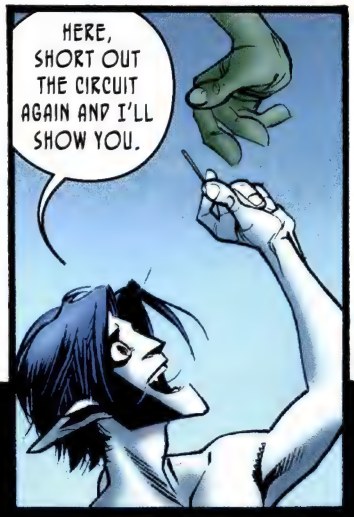
HMM. I SAW THIS IN A VIDEO GAME ONCE! THE MAIN CHARACTER DISABLED THE GRAVITY PUMP IN ORDER TO HELP HIM ESCAPE!
I'VE BEEN TRAINED TO PICK THESE LOCKS, BUT THEY'RE CHARGED.
IF I TOUCH IT I'LL BE ELECTROCUTED. PLUS I DON'T HAVE MY LOCK PICK.

THE GUARDS THOUGHT THE B-17 WAS THE ONLY PIECE OF METAL ON ME.
WE CAN USE MY HAIRPIN TO OPEN THE LATCH NEAR MY TOILET...


GRAVITY PUMP
CAUTION
SWITCH!
...AND THEN TO SWITCH THE GRAVITY PUMP.
HOLD ON...

WUD!
WUD!

YOU SAW THIS IN A GAME?
YEAH! LUIGI'S ESCAPE FROM HONEST ABE'S! IT WAS VERY REALISTIC.
SO HOW THE HELL IS THIS SUPPOSED TO GET US OUT?


HERE, SHORT OUT THE CIRCUIT AGAIN AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

OKAY, HOLD ON...
HEY! IS THAT MY MOM? IN A WELDING MASK?
UH...DID YOU SWITCH THE PUMP YET?
YOU'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN HER!
HOW THE HELL DO YOU KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE?

UH... SHE'S VERY DESCRIPTIVE.
THAT'S IT. I'M COMING DOWN TO KILL YOU!

SWITCH!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
ELECTRICITY ONLY HURTS YOU WHEN YOU'RE GROUNDED.
IF WE CLING TO EACH OTHER WITH OUR OPPOSITE GRAVITIES, THEN WE'LL FLOAT.
AND SINCE WE'RE NOT TOUCHING THE GROUND, YOU CAN PICK THE LOCK!
CLING
HRMPH.
FZZZT!
WUD!
IT WORKED! TOGETHER WE CAN DO ANYTHING!
GET. OFF. ME.
YOU KNOW, YOUR SKIN'S A LOT SOFTER THAN IT LOOKS!
AND YOUR ABS FEEL GREAT ON MY BUTT CHEEKS!
ALERT! CELL BREACH IN THE SECTOR 4 ISOLATION UNIT!
QUICK! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT IN THE GAME?
I DON'T KNOW! THE GRAVITY IDEA ELECTROCUTED LUIGI EVERY TIME!
I SAY WE JUMP!
I'M SURE THINGS WILL WORK OUT.
WHAT?
I'M NOT LEAPING INTO THE UNKNOWN!
WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S DOWN THERE!
BUT KRUNK, THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE.
THINK OF YOUR MOM!

SENIOR
PROM

HOP ON AND TRY NOT TO LET GO.
THIS IS GOING TO SUCK.
WHOOOOSH!
BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAK!
THIS LOOKS BAD.
YOU GOTTA TAKE HIM OUT! I'M LOSING MY GRIP!
CRACK!
BUT I'VE NEVER HIT ANYONE.
USUALLY I'M ON THE RECEIVING END!
QUINN!
YOU GOT TO TRY, DAMMIT!
DO IT FOR QUINN'S PIZZA!
CUFF!

QUINN'S
QUINN

LEAP!
UH-OH.
THOCK!
THROW.
fall
I DID IT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I'M WICKED KICK-ASS!
SURE.
BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAK!
HANG ON, BUDDY! I'LL GET US OUT OF THIS!
YOU KNOW HOW TO DRIVE ONE OF THESE?
SURE I DO! IT'S JUST LIKE OFF-ROADING! MAN, HAVE I GOT A COMIC YOU SHOULD READ.
BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAK!
BRAKKA-BRAK!

MAYBE ONE DAY THEY'LL EVEN MAKE A COMIC ABOUT US!
AND WE'LL CALL IT THE MIGHTY RAGING SPACE FRIENDS!
FLY DOWN INTO THE MIST.
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOSE THEM THERE.

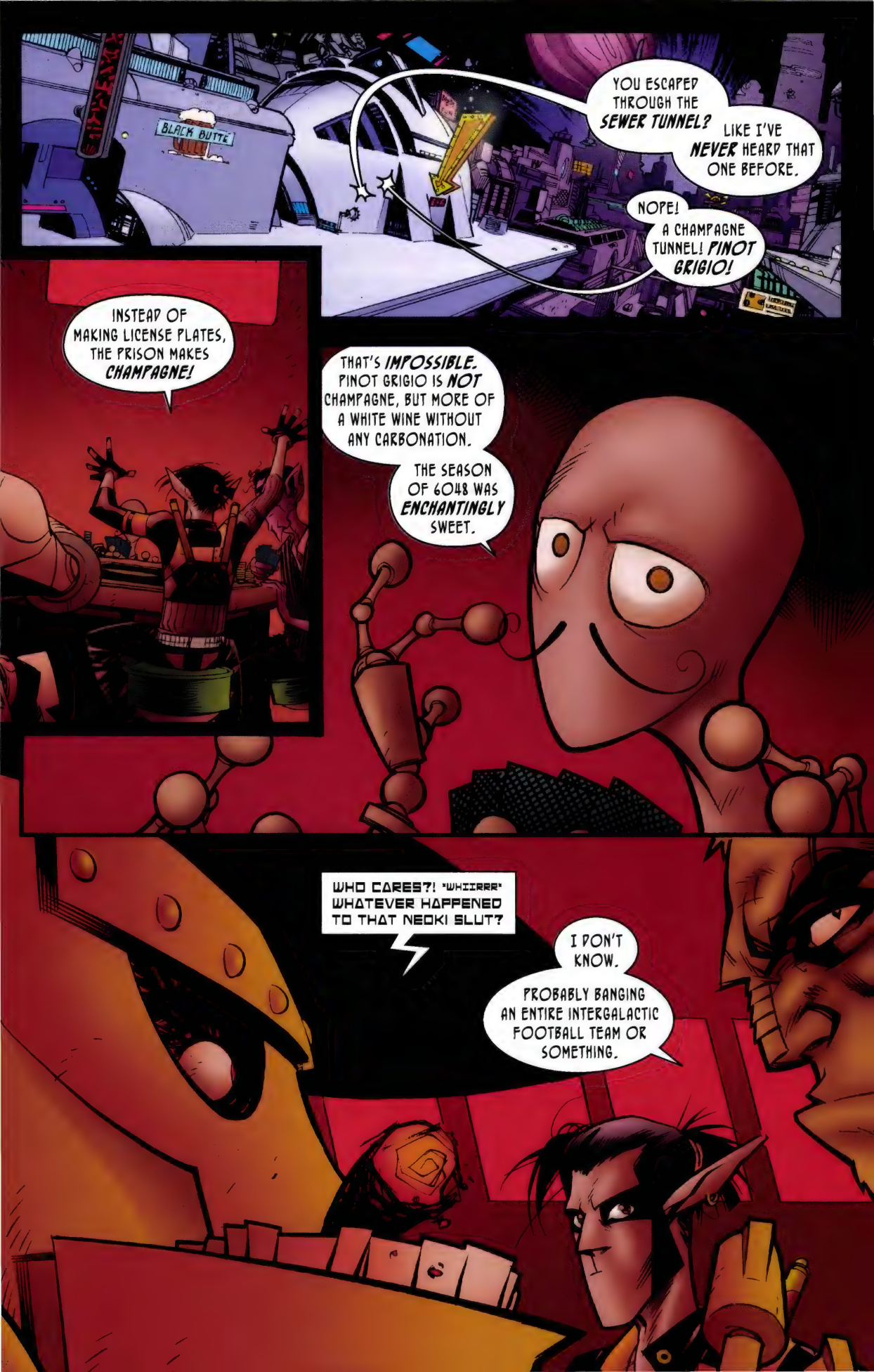
WHERE DID WE GO?

PUFF!
AHHHHH!

FLOOP!
SPLOOSH!

THEY HAVE A POOL AT THIS PLACE, TOO?
THIS FEELS GREAT!
IT'S WINE, YOU MORON! THE INMATES ARE PUT TO WORK PICKING GRAPES TO MAKE THE WINE THAT HELPS FUND THE PRISON.
WICKED!
WHEN CAN WE SEE THAT?
ZAP!
ZAP!
SHOOM!
ZAP!
ZAP!
THERE HAVE TO BE DRAINAGE TUNNELS UNDER THE RIVER!
IF WE FIND ONE, WE CAN SWIM OUTSIDE TO ESCAPE.
WOW!
AN AIR POCKET!
IT'S LIKE WE'RE BEAVERS!
I LOVE BEAVERS.
HOW YOU MANAGED TO SURVIVE THIS LONG IS BEYOND ME.
HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING THE RIVER?
DIVE.
SERIOUSLY... I LOVE YOU, MAN.

OH YEAH! THE WATER-FALL!
AHHHH!
SMASH!
BL-I B-LOVE BL-OU, BL-MAN.
OOP!
SAVE.
NICE CATCH--
HIC--
YOU THE MAN, KRUNK.
I KNEW YOU LIKED ME.
JUST SHUT UP ALREADY.
MY MOM'S ALMOST HERE.
MEEP! MEEP!


BLACK BUTTE
YOU ESCAPED THROUGH THE SEWER TUNNEL?
LIKE I'VE NEVER HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE.
NOPE! A CHAMPAGNE TUNNEL! PINOT GRIGIO!
INSTEAD OF MAKING LICENSE PLATES, THE PRISON MAKES CHAMPAGNE!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. PINOT GRIGIO IS NOT CHAMPAGNE, BUT MORE OF A WHITE WINE WITHOUT ANY CARBONATION.
THE SEASON OF 6048 WAS ENCHANTINGLY SWEET.
WHO CARES?! *WHIRRR* WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT NEOKI SLUT?
I DON'T KNOW.
PROBABLY BANGING AN ENTIRE INTERGALACTIC FOOTBALL TEAM OR SOMETHING.

WHATEVER, GUYS.
THE LAST THING NEOKI IS, IS A SLUT.
IN FACT, I'M PRETTY CERTAIN THAT SHE WAS A VIRGINAL FLOWER BEFORE I KNOCKED BOOTS WITH HER.
I BET SHE'S JUST PASSING THE TIME, PINING FOR MY NAKED FLESH.
HA!
WHAT IN THE BLOODY HELL, DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T OPEN IT?!
LOCKSMITH
SUICIDE PILLS
I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T.
THIS LUNCHBOX IS MADE FROM LEVEL 17 MERCALLIUM ARMOR. IT REQUIRES A PROJECTING LASER KEY TO OPEN IT.
CAN'T YOU TORCH IT OPEN OR BLOW IT UP?
NOPE.
THIS THING COULD DEFLECT A WARHEAD WITHOUT GETTING A SCRATCH.
PENIS
NO CRAPPING ON FLOOR
WELL, SHIT.
UM... WELL, EVEN THOUGH I COULDN'T OPEN IT, COULD WE... UM... STILL HAVE SEX?
FINE! BUT I'M PISSED OFF, SO I'M GOING TO PUNCH YOU IN THE FACE THE WHOLE TIME!
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.
AND HURRY UP, BECAUSE I HAVE TO FIND ME THAT KEY.

WOW!
A CATAMARAN SPACESHIP!
IT'S LIKE WE'RE ALL ON A SPACE HONEYMOON OR SOMETHING!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I HAVE TO SIT IN THE BACK.
YOU'RE STILL MAMA'S NUMBER ONE, KRUNK.
IT'S OKAY TO LET SOMEONE ELSE SIT IN MAMA'S LAP EVERY NOW AND THEN.
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE KRUNK HAS LET ME BEHIND THE WHEEL, BUT DRIVING IS JUST LIKE SOLDERING A DAGGER TO THE FRONT OF A RAY GUN: YOU NEVER REALLY FORGET!
BY THE WAY, I BROUGHT YOU BOYS A CHANGE OF CLOTHES AND SOME MILK AND COOKIES.
WICKED! AND THEY'RE EVEN THE RIGHT SIZE!
YOU'RE THE BEST, KRUNK'S MOM!
HOW THE HELL DID YOU KNOW WHAT SIZE HE WAS?
HE'S VERY DESCRIPTIVE.
HRMPH.
SURPRISED YOU EVEN REMEMBERED MY SWORD.

CHOMP!
WHAT THE...?
CHOMP! CHOMP!
GORL SCOUT COOKIES AND STRAWBERRY SPACE MILK!
MY FAVORITES!
HOW THE HELL DID YOU DRESS SO FAST?
AND WHERE ARE MY COOKIES?
CALM DOWN, SWEETIE.
THIS IS CRAP!
I ALSO BROUGHT HIM A SET OF YOUR OLD KAMAS.
WICKED! SMOOTH, FAST, LIGHTWEIGHT AND LETHAL!
JUST LIKE YOU, SWEET CHEEKS!
TEE-HEE HAHAHAHAH!
HOLY SOMERSAULTING JESUS... THIS IS A FREAKIN' NIGHTMARE.
SORRY I CAN'T TAKE YOU BOYS ALL THE WAY, BUT THE NEIGHBOR IS COMING OVER TO MOW MY LAWN.
CAN'T MISS THAT.
I'LL DROP YOU OFF ON THE NEXT PLANET WITH A FEW CREDITS, AND YOU CAN MAKE YOUR WAY FROM THERE!
CAN'T WE HIT A REST STOP OR SOMETHING SO I CAN CHANGE FIRST?
OH, FOR HEAVENS-- JUST CHANGE IN THE SHIP!
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A BIT SHY ABOUT SHOWING HIS BOTTOM IN PUBLIC, QUINN.
YOU'D BE PROUD TO KNOW THAT IN PRISON HE TOOK OFF THE CHASTITY BELT YOU MADE HIM!
FOR A GOOD TIME CALL 1-800-YOUR-MOM

CHASTITY BELT?
YOU'RE STILL WEARING THAT THING?
I TOLD YOU TO TAKE IT OFF BACK IN GRADE SCHOOL! IT'S EMBARRASSING!
IT HELPS ME CONCENTRATE...

...AND I'M NOT HAVING THIS FIGHT AGAIN WITH YOU.
AND I DIDN'T MAKE IT FOR HIM AT ALL, QUINN.
HE MADE IT FOR HIMSELF WHEN I FORCED HIM INTO CO-ED KINDERGARTEN!
IT'S MADE OUT OF DRIED MACARONI NOODLES AND SILVER PAINT!
SVOOMM!!

HONESTLY, KRUNK.
YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO MEET A WOMAN UNLESS YOU LOOSEN UP.
YOU NEED TO BE MORE LIKE QUINN HERE.
YEAH! AND THEN WE COULD WEAR THE SAME CLOTHES SO THAT PEOPLE WOULD THINK THAT WE'RE BROTHERS!
SPACE BROTHERS!

YOU TWO BE CAREFUL NOW, AND CALL ME IF YOU'LL BE OUT LATE.
AND KRUNK, PROMISE ME THAT YOU'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF QUINN.
IT'S SO NICE THAT YOU'RE FINALLY MAKING FRIENDS.
OKAY, MOM.
FINE.
GRUMBLE
YOU AND ME, BUDDY!

SMOOCH!
YOUR MOM PINCHED MY BUTT WHEN SHE KISSED ME!
SOMEBODY KILL ME...
5

SO WE CAUGHT THE TRAM AND ENDED UP HERE.
THAT'S IT?
THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY?
THAT STORY SUCKS BALLS.
YOU SUCK BALLS!
YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT A GOOD STORY IS.
IT HAD A THREE-ACT STRUCTURE WITH STUNNING CHARACTERS AND RECURRING THEMES. WHAT DIDN'T THIS STORY HAVE?
IT WAS ANTI-CLIMACTIC.
YOU'RE ANTI-CLIMACTIC!
DO YOU HAVE BRAIN DAMAGE OR SOMETHING?
YOU'RE BRAIN DAMAGE.
...
UM... I'M ALL IN, I GUESS.
NO SHIT. *KLICK* YOU ARE DOWN TO ONLY ONE CHIP, *WHIRR* DUMBASS.
FINE.
I GOT A PAIR OF THREES.
FOUR ACES!
READ 'EM AND WEEP.
...HEY.
WAIT A MINUTE.
I DISCARDED AN ACE THIS HAND.
YOU POUCHE BAGS HAVE BEEN CHEATING US THIS WHOLE TIME!
RRRRT YOU JUST FIGURE THAT OUT, TOUGH GUY?
DON'T MATTER NONE, *KLIICK* THIS GAME IS OVER.

NOW, IF YOU'D JUST HAND OVER THAT KEY AROUND YOUR NECK *CLICK* I WON'T HAVE TO BEND OVER TO PICK IT UP OFF OF YOUR CORPSE.
ME *SKRRT* AND YOUR BUDDY'S GIRLFRIEND ARE GOING TO HAVE TO COME TO AN AGREEMENT ABOUT THAT IDOL SHE HAS.
EVEN IF I GAVE YOU THE KEY, YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE ON LAZARUS-10 THE BUYER IS.
THAT'D BE TRUE IF YOUR STUPID FRIEND *TIC* DIDN'T CARVE IT INTO THE TABLE WITH THOSE KNIVES ON HIS BACK.
"TRUCK STOP" IS SLANG FOR THE *KLIC-KLAK* GAY TRUCKER DISTRICT.
UM. OOPS...
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
ENOUGH TALK, YOU PANSIES.
TIME TO *WHIRRRRT* DO THE GALAXY A FAVOR.
HOLY CRAP!
KRUNK!
YOU OKAY?!
I SHOULD *RRRRT* GET AN AWARD FOR REMOVING YOUR GENES FROM THE POOL, *CLIK* YOU BLUE IDIOT.
YEAH, THE BASTARD JUST GRAZED ME.

I WASN'T EXPECTING TO GET IN A FIGHT.
EVERYONE LOVES ME.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO USE MY KAMAS.
YOU STAB PEOPLE WITH THEM.
OH.
BANZAI!!
TINK!
CLICK!
KRA-KOOOM
NO ONE BLOWS UP THE 3-DOG!
DIE, BITCH!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
NRRRF!

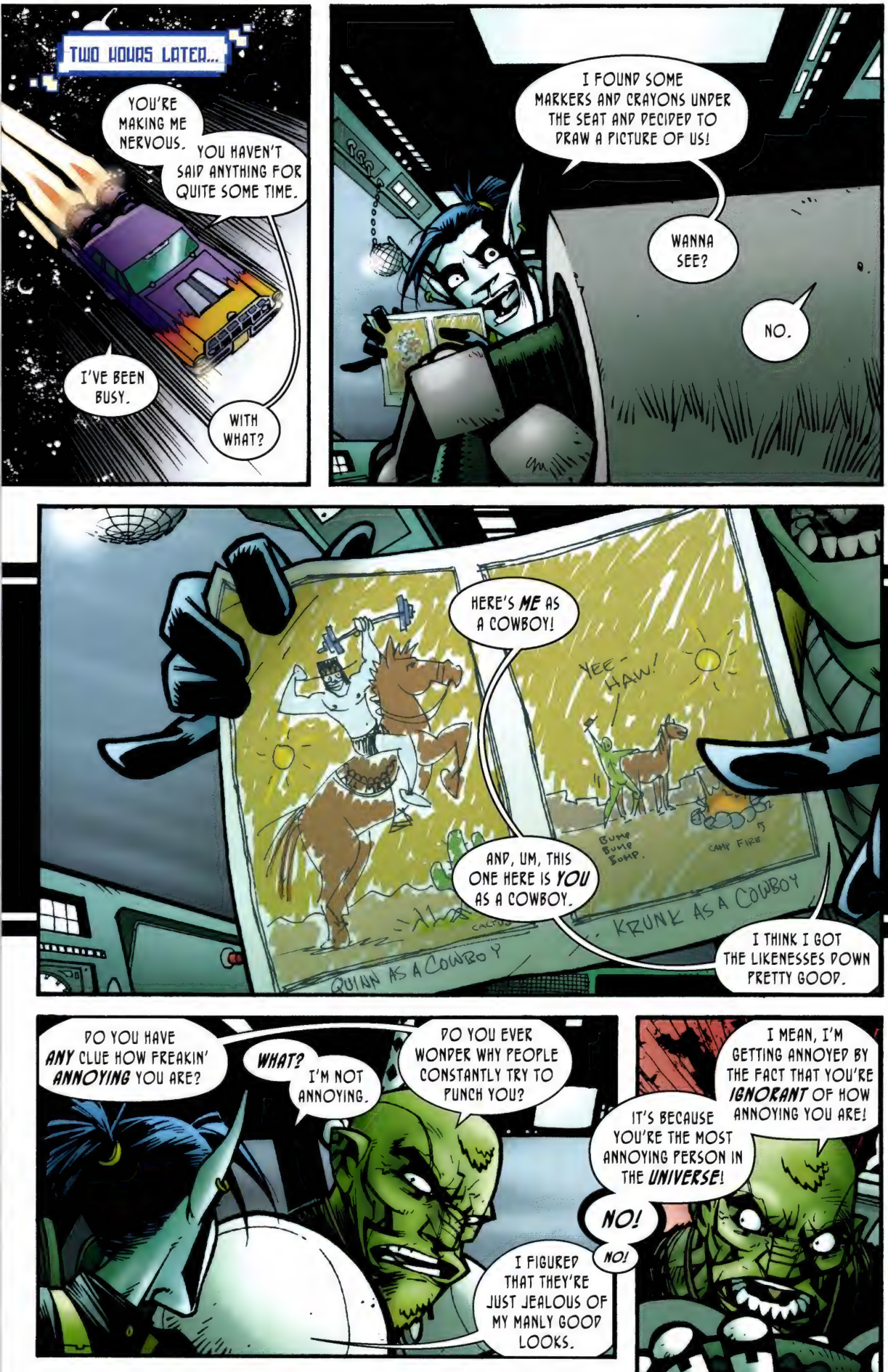
GAAHHHHH!
CRUNCH
OH, GOD! THE PAIN...GAAAHHH... IS ABSOLUTELY UNBEARABLE!
LOOK...GAH... WHAT YOU DID TO MY HAND!
SORRY ABOUT THAT.
UNDER ANY OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES, I'D LOVE TO SEE QUINN SHOT.
BUT I MADE A DEAL, AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO BREAK IT ON THE ACCOUNT OF YOUR GREASY ASS.
POW
AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, 3-DOG?!
YOU SHOT ME IN MY DAMN HEAD. YOU'RE HORSEMEAT!
SMASH!
"TIC" "WHIRR"
"RRT" "RRT"
"CLICK"

I HOPE THIS HURTS.
RAAAAHHRR!
CLIK *WHIRRRRT*
CRASH
WHIRRRRT
SIZZLE
TOC
SIZZLE
HEH.
YOU'RE NEXT, SQUIRT.
I'M...
OH.
...GOING...
RUMBLE
...TO--
BLARRRGRHHAAAAAAA!!!
WOW. DIDN'T EXPECT THAT.
SON OF A BITCH.

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
?
SACRÉ BLEU!
GLARRRGRHH!
THOOM!
THOOM! THOOM! KOOM!
BAR
WHAT THE HELL DO WE DO NOW?
WE'RE SCREWED!
LET'S TAKE 3-DOG'S SHIP!
HOW?
I STOLE HIS KEYS WHILE YOU WERE PISSING OFF THE GIANT WORM GUY.
PARKING LOT
IT MUST BE THIS WAY! HURRY!
GREAT.
HOW THE HELL ARE WE GOING TO FIND HIS SHIP?
THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS HERE.
NEVER FEAR, OL' KRUNK!
BE-DOOP!

SEE? YE OF LITTLE FAITH.
DEE-DOOP
FLAMIN'
HRMMPH.
WHY DO YOU GET TO DRIVE?
BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO CRASH!
FINE, BUT I GET TO DRIVE NEXT TIME.
JUST GET IN AND SHUT UP ALREADY!
FLAMIN'
AAHHH!
CRAP.
START THE CAR! START THE CAR!
I'M ON IT!
CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!
D 1
VRRRROOOOOM!
GRAB

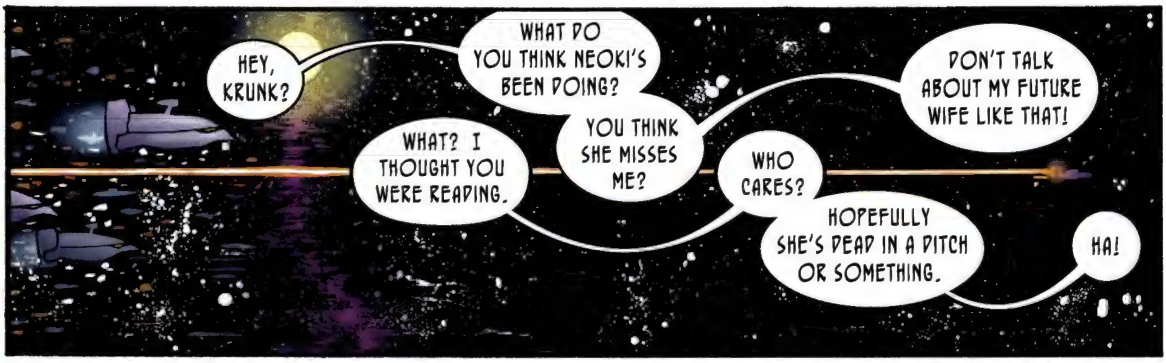
HE'S STILL WITH US!
I KNOW!
I CAN'T LEAVE ORBIT BECAUSE HE'S TOO HEAVY!
OOH! THESE SEATS ARE REAL LEATHER!
WICKED!
3-DOG SURE HAD SOME STYLE.
WILL YOU SHUT UP AND DO SOMETHING TO HELP!
MAYBE I'LL GET SOME OF THESE FOR THE FRENCH GOO--
HEY!
GET OFF OUR CAR YOU BIG, STUPID WORM!
DIDN'T WORK.
I'M OUT OF IDEAS.
HOLD ON.
GLARRRG!
BLUE SUSPECT LOCATION IDENTIFIED.
REQUEST BACKUP.
WATCH OUT! YOU'RE GOING TO HIT THAT WALL!
CRASH
ERRRG.
I GUESS YOUR IDEA WORKED BETTER.
NO SHIT.
HEY, WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO TO PASS TIME?
I COULD SING SHOW TUNES! YOU LOOK LIKE THE SHOW TUNES TYPE OF GUY! I COULD--
IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'M GOING TO STUFF YOU IN THE TRUNK.
WHY? IS THERE SOMETHING NEAT IN THERE?
MAYBE 3-DOG HAD SOME STAGE OUTFITS IN THERE,
AND I COULD DRESS UP SO YOU REALLY GET THE FEEL OF EACH CHARACTER IN THE SHOW TUNE!
UPTOWN GIRL LA LA LA DA DA DOWNTOWN WORLD...
SIGH.


TWO HOURS LATER...
YOU'RE MAKING ME NERVOUS.
YOU HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING FOR QUITE SOME TIME.
I'VE BEEN BUSY.
WITH WHAT?
I FOUND SOME MARKERS AND CRAYONS UNDER THE SEAT AND DECIDED TO DRAW A PICTURE OF US!
WANNA SEE?
NO.
HERE'S ME AS A COWBOY!
YEE-HAW!
BUMP BUMP BOMP.
CAMP FIRE
AND, UM, THIS ONE HERE IS YOU AS A COWBOY.
KRUNK AS A COWBOY
QUINN AS A COWBOY
I THINK I GOT THE LIKENESSES DOWN PRETTY GOOD.
DO YOU HAVE ANY CLUE HOW FREAKIN' ANNOYING YOU ARE?
WHAT?
I'M NOT ANNOYING.
DO YOU EVER WONDER WHY PEOPLE CONSTANTLY TRY TO PUNCH YOU?
I FIGURED THAT THEY'RE JUST JEALOUS OF MY MANLY GOOD LOOKS.
I MEAN, I'M GETTING ANNOYED BY THE FACT THAT YOU'RE IGNORANT OF HOW ANNOYING YOU ARE!
IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE THE MOST ANNOYING PERSON IN THE UNIVERSE!
NO!
NO!

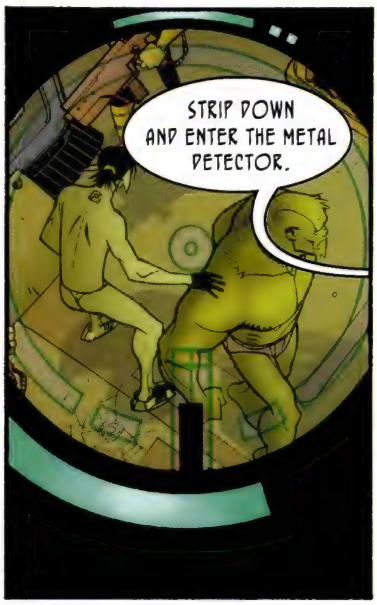
WHATEVER!
PEOPLE LOVE ME.
I'M AWESOME!
TING
WHAT DO YOU THINK IS IN THE GLOVE BOX?
GAH!
SPACE DILDOS!
sproing!

WHY WOULD 3-DOG HAVE SO MANY DILDOS?
THIS IS THE SECOND BIGGEST COLLECTION I'VE EVER SEEN!
HERE, LOOK AT THIS ONE.
DON'T POINT THAT AT ME.

HEY, THERE'S SOME MAGAZINES IN HERE, TOO...
HMM... GENTLE MAN HANDS MONTHLY.
WOW, THESE WELL-BUILT GUYS HAVE SOME REALLY NICE HAIR.
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?
HUSH, I'M TRYING TO READ.


HEY, KRUNK?
WHAT DO YOU THINK NEOKI'S BEEN DOING?
WHAT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE READING.
YOU THINK SHE MISSES ME?
WHO CARES?
DON'T TALK ABOUT MY FUTURE WIFE LIKE THAT!
HOPEFULLY SHE'S DEAD IN A DITCH OR SOMETHING.
HA!

SON OF A BITCH.
HOW HARD COULD IT BE TO STEAL A KEY FROM A COUPLE OF RETARDS?


STRIP DOWN AND ENTER THE METAL DETECTOR.

THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY.

DO YOU HAVE BRAIN DAMAGE?

I SHOULD HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED FOR HELPING YOU JACKASSES ESCAPE.
BLAM!

ZAP!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I HAVE TO SIT IN THE BACK.

Black Coffee
BARISTA
BINGO.
EXIT
WOULD YOU LIKE CINNAMON SPRINKLES ON THAT?
JUST GIVE HIM THE DAMN COFFEE ALREADY, YOU STICK-ARMED PUSSY.
ALL I WANTED WAS THE DAMN KEY.
BUT NO, I'M FOLLOWING A MAN WHO DESTROYS AN ENTIRE BUILDING WHEN THEY GET HIS COFFEE ORDER WRONG!
I THOUGHT I HAD PROBLEMS...
I HAVE TO ADMIT, THOUGH, I LIKE HIS STYLE. I'VE NEVER MET AN ANGRIER PERSON.
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL THING.
I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING HIM BEND ME OVER A...
EHH, IT MUST BE THE HORMONES TALKING.
VIOLENCE ALWAYS GETS ME HOT AND BOTHERED.
GODDAMN, I NEED A GOOD SCREW.
I'M STILL BARELY ALIVE!
I'LL HAVE SEX WITH YOU!
I'M ONLY HALF BURNED UP...
SHUT YOUR HOLE, YOU LIMP-WRISTED TWIT.
AT LEAST I KNOW WHERE THOSE TWO ARE HEADED.

HOORAY, WE'RE HERE! THE LAZARUS-10 TRUCK STOP! THAT WAS TOO EASY!
FROOOM!

EASY?!
WHAT ABOUT ALL THE BOUNTY HUNTERS AND SEEKERS THAT HAVE BEEN SHOOTING AT US FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR?

SHOOM!
OH YEAH.

HA-KOOM!

I WAS ABOUT TO BEAT SPACE QUEBERT!
SOMEONE OWES ME A QUARTER!
AHH!
SVEN'S STILL STUCK IN THE PLASTIC BALLS!
SOME-BODY SAVE HIM!
ARCADE games

OW.
AT LEAST I CRASH LANDED INTO A LAKE OF WINE.

ALRIGHT!
SPACE DUCK HUNT!
I COULD PLAY THIS FOR DAYS!

UH OH.
HWOOOOSH!
HWOOOOSH!

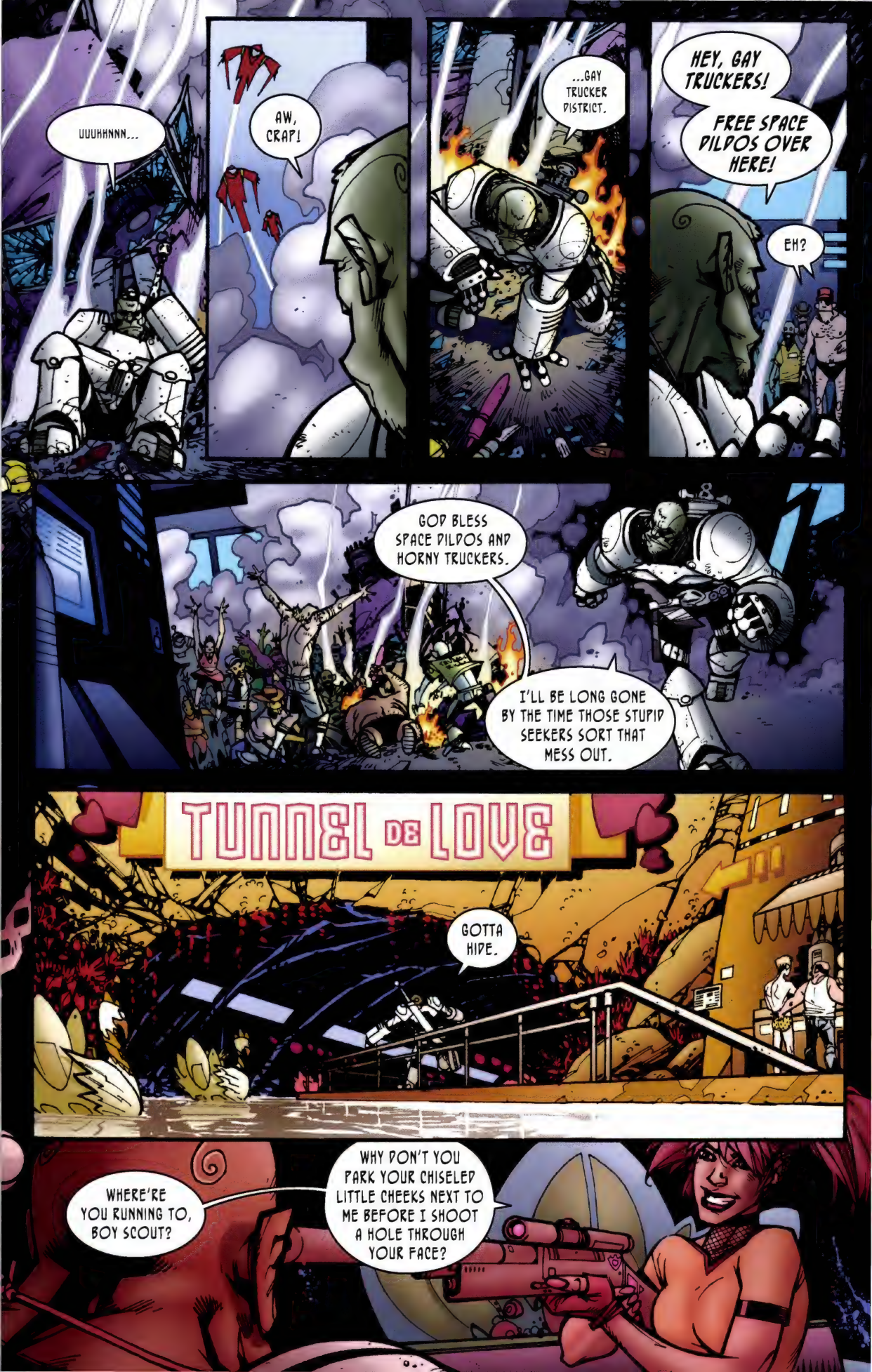
-LEEP!
POOM!

JEEZ! WHAT NOW?

HMMM.

CLICK
NHIIIRRR!
THOK
DROP.
HAHA!
ONCE AGAIN, QUINN GETS THE UPPER HAND!
WHO WANTS IT FIRST?
GOOD JOB, IDIOT.
YOU JUST WON A USELESS WATER PISTOL.
I COULD FIGHT YOU OFF WITH A TOWEL.

YOU GOTTA BE THE DUMBEST BASTARD I'VE EVER MET.
SQUIRRRT!
EH?
BOOM!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY RALPH!
I HAVE TO FIND KRUNK.
JOUST
NEXT YEAR WE'LL PARTY SOMEWHERE ELSE, RALPH.
THIS PLACE AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.

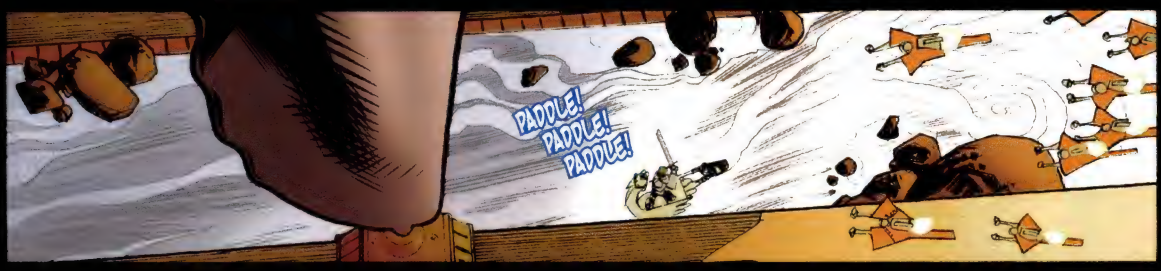

UUUHHNNN...
AW, CRAP!
...GAY TRUCKER DISTRICT.
HEY, GAY TRUCKERS!
FREE SPACE DILDOS OVER HERE!
EH?
GOD BLESS SPACE DILDOS AND HORNY TRUCKERS.
I'LL BE LONG GONE BY THE TIME THOSE STUPID SEEKERS SORT THAT MESS OUT.
TUNNEL DE LOVE
GOTTA HIDE.
WHERE'RE YOU RUNNING TO, BOY SCOUT?
WHY DON'T YOU PARK YOUR CHISELED LITTLE CHEEKS NEXT TO ME BEFORE I SHOOT A HOLE THROUGH YOUR FACE?

NOW, BEFORE WE GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THE ONLY PROBLEM I HAVE IS THAT YOU'RE STILL BREATHING.
YOU ARE THE ONE GUY IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE I CAN'T GET TO KNOCK BOOTS WITH ME!
IT'S DRIVING ME FLIPPIN' CRAZY!
YOU'RE AN INTERGALACTIC SLUT WHO HIT ME OVER THE HEAD WITH MY LUNCHBOX.
I'D RATHER PUNCH YOU IN THE THROAT.
I'M NOT A SLUT, OKAY? I HAVE A MEDICAL CONDITION.
MY LIBIDO IS DIRECTLY CONNECTED TO MY ADRENAL GLAND.
ANYTIME I GET EXCITED OR STRESSED OUT, I GET UNCONTROLLABLY HORNY. I CAN'T HELP IT.
NO ONE HAS EVER STUCK THEIR NECK OUT FOR ME BEFORE.
...I DON'T KNOW.
YES!
YOU'RE THE ONE MAN I CAN'T HAVE, AND FOR SOME REASON THAT ATTRACTS THE SHIT OUT OF ME.
IS THERE A POINT TO THIS?
I DON'T WANT TO WASTE MY AFTERNOON LISTENING TO A DEVIANT SKANK.
CAN WE HURRY THIS UP?
...I THINK WE'D BE GREAT TOGETHER.
MAYBE WE COU--
FINE.
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THAT STUPID KEY OF YOURS AND OPEN IT FOR ME SO I CAN GET THE DAMN IDOL.
HAVE IT YOUR WAY, CAPTAIN HONOR...
THE LUNCHBOX IS BY YOUR FEET.
FZZZZ!
FINALLY!
CLACK
LAST CHANCE, ASSHOLE! YOU'RE EITHER WITH ME OR I SHOOT YOU!
SORRY, NEOKI.
I ALREADY HAVE A PARTNER, AND I MADE A PROMISE THAT I DON'T INTEND TO BREAK.
YOU'RE CHOOSING THAT BLUE-SKINNED JACK-ASS OVER ME?
OH, YOU'RE DEAD, FU--

BUMP!
I'LL SAVE YOU, BUDDY!
HOW MUCH OF THAT DID YOU HEAR?
ALL OF IT!
NO!
YOU SAID THAT YOU WOULD NEVER LEAVE YOUR BEST FRIEND QUINN BEHIND!
I NEVER SAID THAT!
YOU WERE THINKING IT!
YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T LIE!
...grumble...
I LOVE YOU TOO, BUDDY!
HUG!
HEY... COOL LAGOON.
YOU THINK THE SEEKERS ARE STILL AFTER US?
UM, YEAH.

WOW! I THINK THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN YOU USE THAT SWORD.
I DON'T LIKE GETTING IT DIRTY.
USE MY PISTOLS AND KEEP THE IDOL SAFE.
TOSS!
YOU LIKE SHOOTING GAMES... HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
WOOSH!
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
STAB!
BLAM BLAM
KICK!
BLAM BLAM
SLICE!

QUINN!
THE GIANT WHALE STATUE!
I'M ON IT!


PADDLE! PADDLE! PADDLE!

THOK

KA-THOOM!

WHY CARRY A SWORD, ANYWAY?
WHY NOT A ROCKET LAUNCHER, SO NEXT TIME WE CAN ATTACK THEM FROM AFAR?
IT HELPS MY POSTURE.

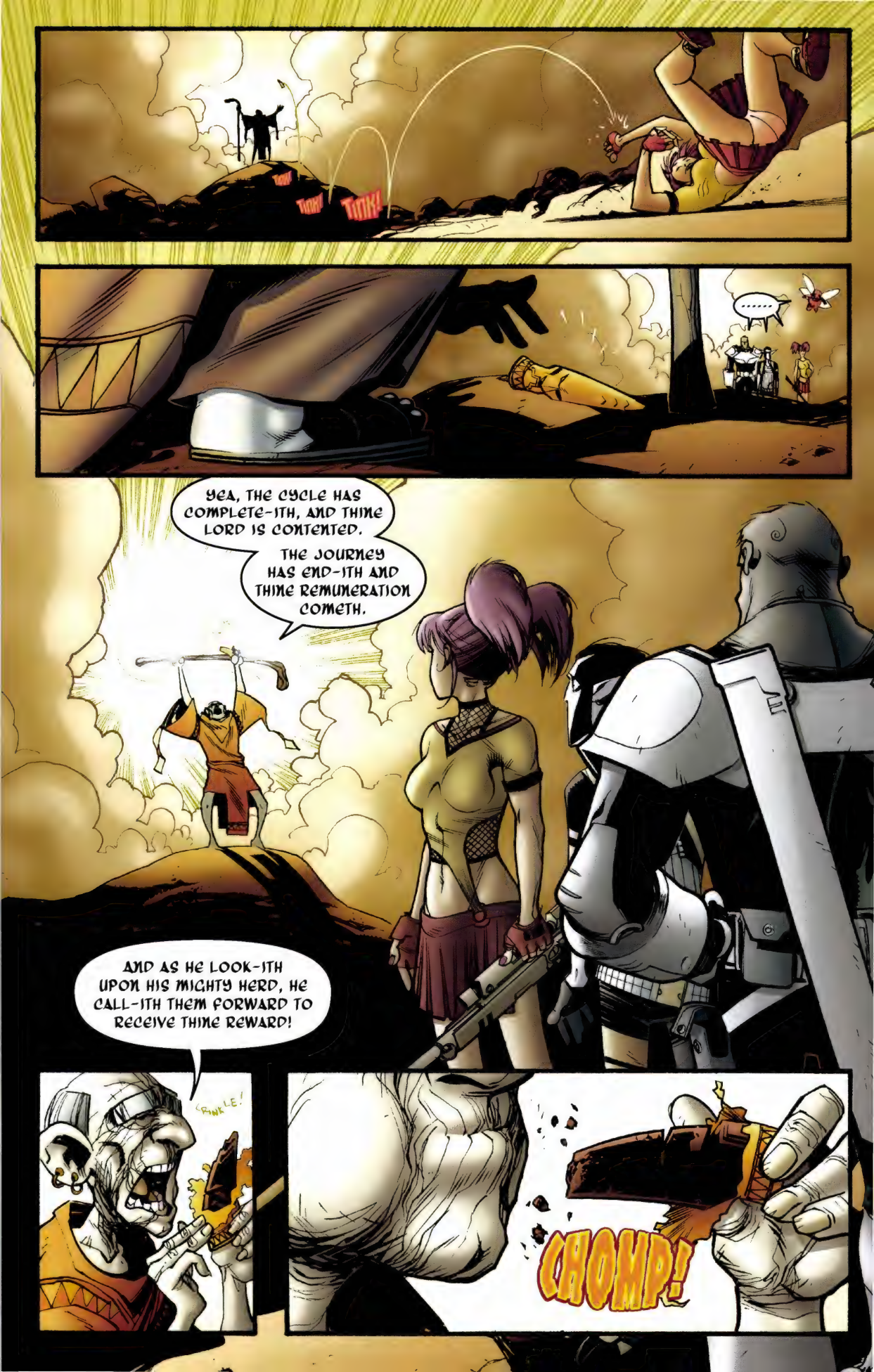
TINK

CATCH!
THANKS FOR THE HELP, GUYS.

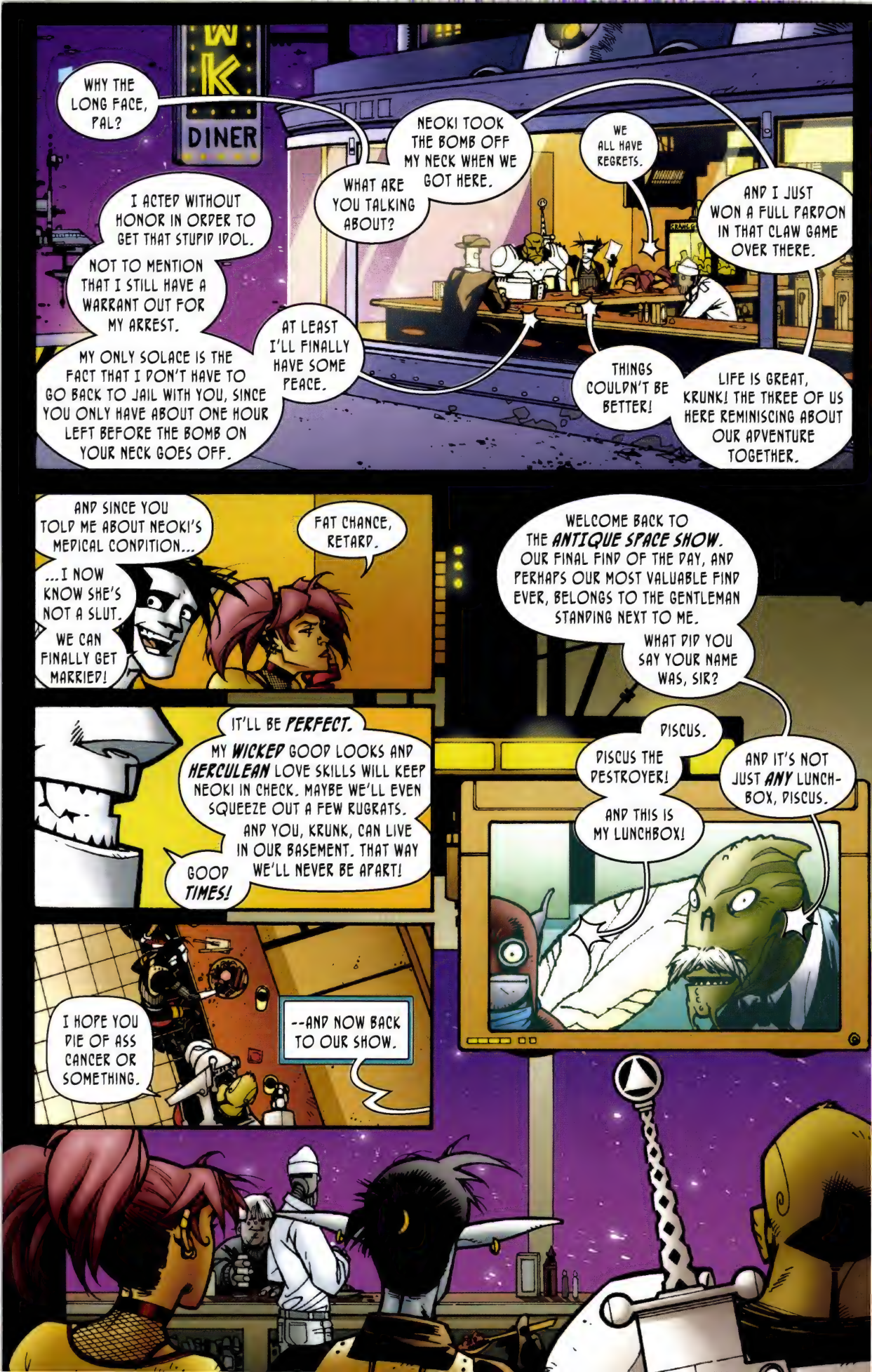
I ALMOST ENJOYED OUR LITTLE ROMP.
GIVE ME A CALL SOMETIME, KRUNK.

AH-HA!
UNHAND THE IDOL, YOU WENCH!

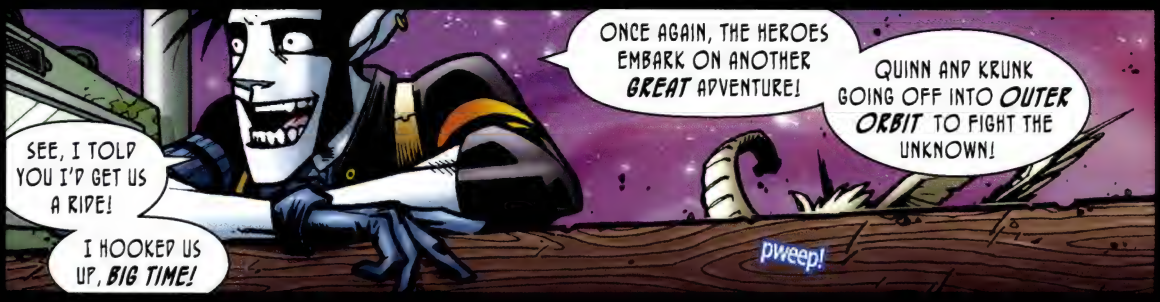
TTCRRP!


TOOK!
TOOK!
.....
YEA, THE CYCLE HAS COMPLETE-ITH, AND THINE LORD IS CONTENTED.
THE JOURNEY HAS END-ITH AND THINE REMUNERATION COMETH.
AND AS HE LOOK-ITH UPON HIS MIGHTY HERD, HE CALL-ITH THEM FORWARD TO RECEIVE THINE REWARD!
RINKLE!
CHOMP!

TSSST!
RIBBLE!
TSSST!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
TSSST!
TSSST!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
WHAT THE...?
CRAP!
A FRIGGIN' PIECE OF CHOCOLATE THIS WHOLE TIME?
COVERED IN GOLD FOIL?
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
HA! KIND OF FUNNY, ACTUALLY!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY UGLY PEOPLE I HAD TO HAVE SEX WITH TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT?
FRIENDS!
DON'T FEEL REMORSE-ITH!
THINE TREASURE IS THINE FRIENDSHIP!
FOR WHAT IS THINE LIFE WITHOUT CHALLENGE?
GO FORTH AND SPREAD-ITH PEACE.
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
RIBBLE!
...SO ANGRY.
MAYBE HE'S RIGHT!
THE GREATEST TREASURE OF ALL IS OUR FRIENDSHIP!
STUPID WINGED RAT!
STOP FLYING AROUND SO MUCH!
THOK!


WK
DINER
WHY THE LONG FACE, PAL?
I ACTED WITHOUT HONOR IN ORDER TO GET THAT STUPID IDOL.
NOT TO MENTION THAT I STILL HAVE A WARRANT OUT FOR MY ARREST.
MY ONLY SOLACE IS THE FACT THAT I DON'T HAVE TO GO BACK TO JAIL WITH YOU, SINCE YOU ONLY HAVE ABOUT ONE HOUR LEFT BEFORE THE BOMB ON YOUR NECK GOES OFF.
AT LEAST I'LL FINALLY HAVE SOME PEACE.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
NEOKI TOOK THE BOMB OFF MY NECK WHEN WE GOT HERE.
WE ALL HAVE REGRETS.
AND I JUST WON A FULL PARDON IN THAT CLAW GAME OVER THERE.
THINGS COULDN'T BE BETTER!
LIFE IS GREAT, KRUNK! THE THREE OF US HERE REMINISCING ABOUT OUR ADVENTURE TOGETHER.
AND SINCE YOU TOLD ME ABOUT NEOKI'S MEDICAL CONDITION...
...I NOW KNOW SHE'S NOT A SLUT.
WE CAN FINALLY GET MARRIED!
FAT CHANCE, RETARD.
IT'LL BE PERFECT.
MY WICKED GOOD LOOKS AND HERCULEAN LOVE SKILLS WILL KEEP NEOKI IN CHECK. MAYBE WE'LL EVEN SQUEEZE OUT A FEW RUGRATS.
AND YOU, KRUNK, CAN LIVE IN OUR BASEMENT. THAT WAY WE'LL NEVER BE APART!
GOOD TIMES!
I HOPE YOU DIE OF ASS CANCER OR SOMETHING.
--AND NOW BACK TO OUR SHOW.
WELCOME BACK TO THE ANTIQUE SPACE SHOW. OUR FINAL FIND OF THE DAY, AND PERHAPS OUR MOST VALUABLE FIND EVER, BELONGS TO THE GENTLEMAN STANDING NEXT TO ME.
WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS, SIR?
DISCUS.
DISCUS THE DESTROYER!
AND IT'S NOT JUST ANY LUNCH-BOX, DISCUS.
AND THIS IS MY LUNCHBOX!

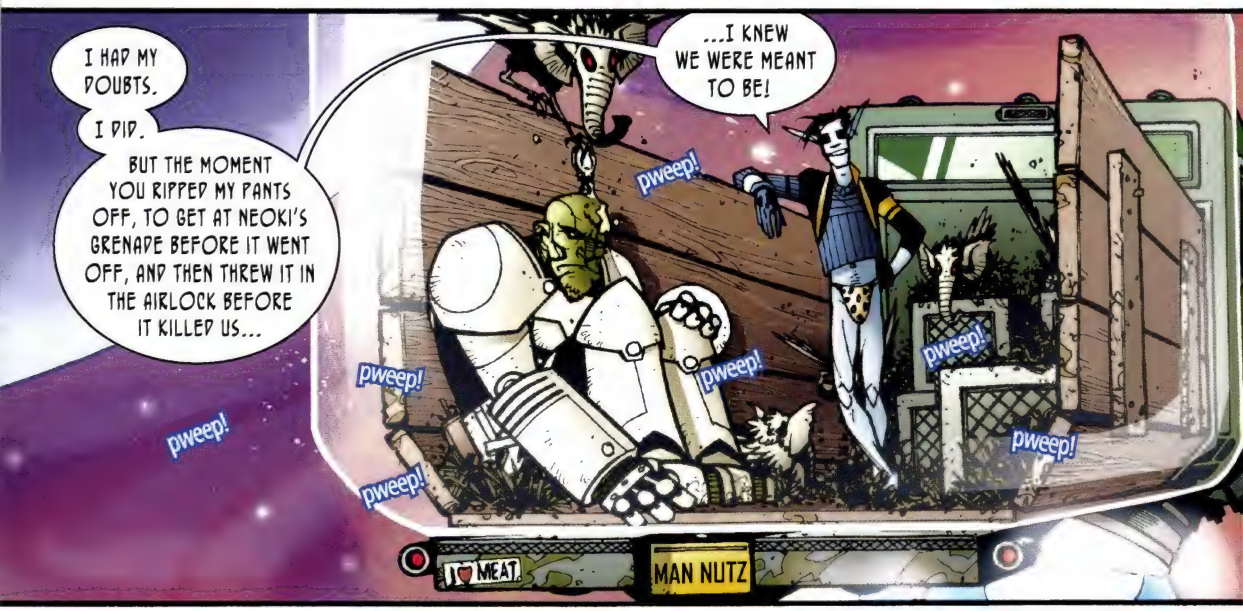
THIS LITTLE GEM IS MADE ENTIRELY FROM HIGH-LEVEL MERCALLIUM AND IS THE LAST SURVIVING PIECE FROM THE NERBELITE MINING COLONY ON PICO-12, BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION OVER A MILLENNIA AGO!
THAT'S RIGHT, BOB!
WELL, I SEE THAT YOU'VE ALSO UNEARTHED THE LASER PROJECTING KEY. WITH THAT, THIS ARTIFACT BECOMES PRICELESS!
HOW MUCH, BOB?!
ARE YOU READY FOR THIS, DISCUS?
OKAY, HERE WE GO.
GOSH, I'M SO EXCITED.
THIS BEAUTY IS WORTH... OVER SEVEN TRILLION SPACE RUBLES!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SELL IT TO US?
NO WAY, BOB!
DISCUS THE DESTROYER NEEDS A LUNCHBOX.
HE WILL TAKE IT BACK TO HIS BEACH HOUSE ON OCEANARIOUS-4 AND DISPLAY IT TO ALL WHO DOUBT HIS GREATNESS.
SON OF A...
UH.
BITCH.
UM.
PUNCH!
KICK!
PUNCH!
WHAM!
OW!
GET OUT OF THE WAY!
OOF!
MOVE!
LOOK OUT!
AH CRAP, SHE'S GOT THE KEYS TO THE FRENCH GOOSE AND STUFFED A GRENADE IN MY PANTS!
QUIT HITTING ME!
BOOM!
LATER, ASSHOLES.

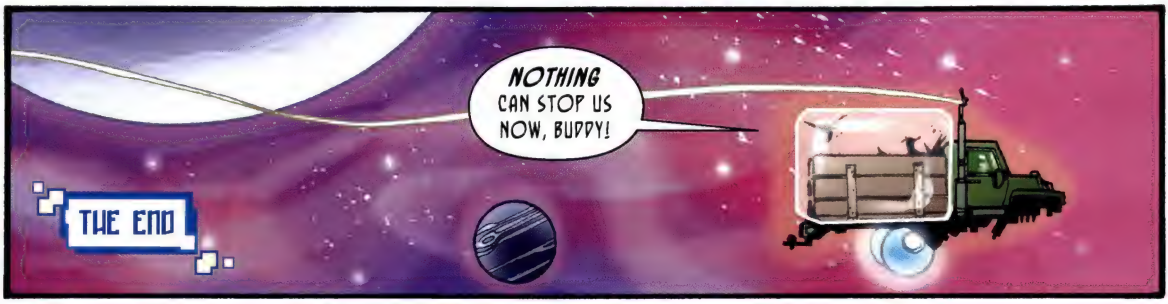

SEE, I TOLD YOU I'D GET US A RIDE!
I HOOKED US UP, BIG TIME!
ONCE AGAIN, THE HEROES EMBARK ON ANOTHER GREAT ADVENTURE!
QUINN AND KRUNK GOING OFF INTO OUTER ORBIT TO FIGHT THE UNKNOWN!
pweep!

WE NEED A TEAM NAME. HMMM, HOW ABOUT SPACE COMPADRES OR SPACE FRIENDS OR SOMETHING?

pweep!
IT'S FATE, I TELL YA!
pweep!
pweep!

pweep!
poop!


I HAD MY DOUBTS.
I DID.
BUT THE MOMENT YOU RIPPED MY PANTS OFF, TO GET AT NEOKI'S GRENADE BEFORE IT WENT OFF, AND THEN THREW IT IN THE AIRLOCK BEFORE IT KILLED US...
...I KNEW WE WERE MEANT TO BE!
pweep!
pweep!
pweep!
pweep!
pweep!
pweep!
I ♥ MEAT
MAN NUTZ


NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW, BUDDY!
THE END

CREATOR BIOS

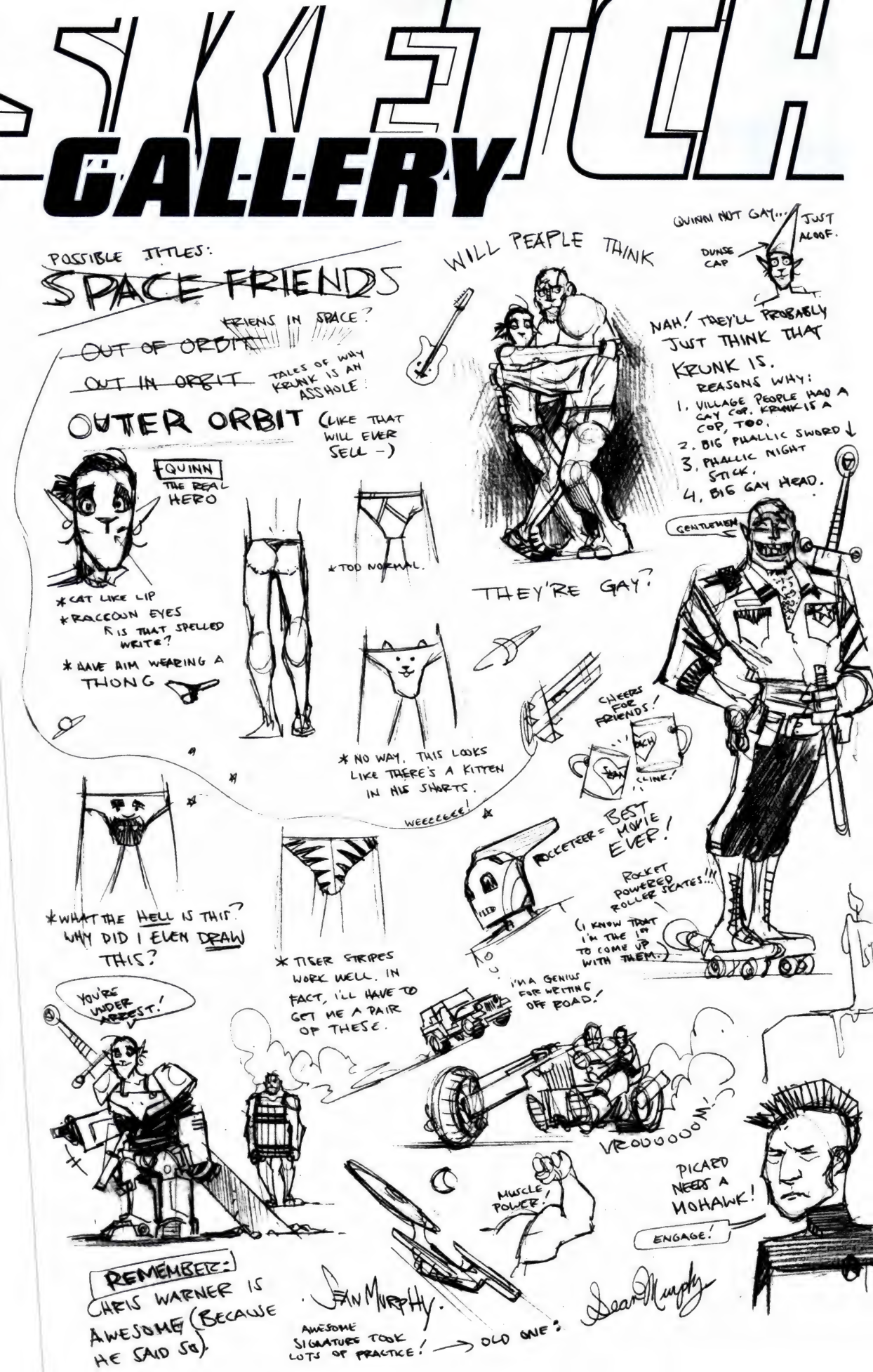
Zach Howard has a favorite comic book, the Eisner-nominated *Truth Serum*, for which he's done a short story and a pinup. *Truth Serum* author Jon Adams (Zach's personal hero), has described Zach as "not so bad." When not reading *Truth Serum*, Zach likes to spend time at the *Truth Serum* website, theuniversityofmyopia.com. In the future Zach hopes to create something even half as good as *Truth Serum*. And he's willing to kill to do it.

Sean Murphy was born in 1980 and has been trying to get girls ever since. The closest he ever came was at a convention once when he made one pose with him for a photo. Gates McFadden was a little weirded out when he produced a picture of his face Photoshopped onto Picard's body. He told her that it was a gift and that she should keep it close to her. Always. Gates tried to explain that her show wasn't real and that Patrick wouldn't be happy to see his body with a pimple-face nerd head on it.

Reed Buccholz is the pen (?) screen (?) stage (?) name of the Infinite Monkeys. When we are not writing, we like to throw our own poo at each other.

Charlie Kirchoff. Colorist by day, porn star by night, Charlie Kirchoff knows how to maximize his assets. He is fearless when it comes to self-promotion. He even uses his real name on MySpace and laughs in the face of perverts, which is easy to do when you are one. What do comic book fans think of Charlie? Well, Mary Lou Bumpkin from Podunk, VA says, "Get this freak off my leg!" There is a lot of buzz for Charlie's next project. He plans to reinvent the cotton gin and make it hip and new. In your face, Eli Whitney!

SKETCH GALLERY



BIGGEST DILDO IN UNIVERSE!
SPACE DILDOS
ARE NOT EASY TO DESIGN!
* 5 OUT OF 9 RAGING GAY TRUCKERS PREFER OUTER ORBIT® BRAND DILDOS.
TRUCKIN
EYE-GOGGLES PROTECTION FROM DILDO-TO-EYEBALL INJURIES
MY NAME IS ZACH
VIBRATING FIN ACTION
1930's SPACE-AGE DESIGN!!!
ERGONOMIC HANDLE FOR SERIOUS GRIPPING!
GIANT NON-RESEARCHED FIG LEAF.
FOR YOUR PROTECTION
KRUNK WEARING RETARD GEAR.
EGO
COOL GUN
HIGH-TECH PEG LEG DESIGN.
POOP.
PHTTT
I'M A ROCK STAR, BITCH
TRASH SOAP
I'M NOT
KRUNK BONES
QUINN BUST!
BLAH BLAH BL

THE
WATERING
HOLE
PLUS...
FUN
THE FRIENDLY TRUCKER
WATER PARK
WANTED
SALOON

OUTER ORBIT™

IN SPACE, NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU SCREAM . . . OR BELCH, or swear, or cry like a little girl when you're about to be taken down by merciless interstellar bounty hunters who want that mysterious idol you swiped from that hot chick who inexplicably gave you the tip of a lifetime (if you know what I mean) when you showed up at the wrong hotel room with a pizza delivery. This assumes that "you" are ne'er-do-well big-talker Quinn and explains—sort of—how you hooked up (not like *that*!) with a badass ex-cop (and current mama's boy) named Krunk, who would just as soon kill you as look at you, if not both. By the way, the hot chick is now *really* hot—in the *bad* way—and this time she's probably going to tip you with a laser ax or a plasma grenade or something. Try talking your way out of *that* one, spacehole!

Created by Zach Howard and Sean Murphy, with screenwriter Reed Buccholz, *Outer Orbit* is outrageous, rude, hilarious space fantasy that takes the time-honored traditions of this beloved genre and leaves them face-down in a filthy alley in a pool of their own sick.

ISBN-10: 1-59307-827-7
ISBN-13: 978-1-59307-827-0
51295>
9 781593 078270

$12.95 U.S. darkhorse.com

GRAPHIC NOVEL/HUMOR/SCIENCE FICTION